The Nation.

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The Week.

TEN days ago the news came from Spanish sources that Maceo, the insurgent leader in Cuba, had been killed in a skirmish in the province of Havana. The news was promptly denied by the Cuban Junta and their newspapers in the United States. It was said that this was the twentieth time that Maceo had been killed on paper, and that the last report was a lie like all the rest of them. If the Spaniards had won a victory as well as killed Maceo, why did they not produce his body? This was a fair question, and it led to reasonable doubts whether he had been killed or not. A day or two later additional news came. It was explained that Maceo had passed around the Spanish line of forts called the Trocha in boats, with the intention of transferring military operations to the eastern part of the island, and that he had accidentally encountered a detachment of the Spanish forces under Major Cirujeda; that he was killed in the skirmish, but that the fact was not immediately known because his presence there was not suspected; that some Spanish guerillas went over the field rifling the pockets of the slain, and found among other things Maceo's order-book, and a memorandum written by young Gomez saying that he would not abandon the dead body of Maceo. Meanwhile the body itself had disappeared. On Friday all denials ceased, and the admission was made at the Cuban headquarters in Philadelphia that Maceo had been killed at the time and place first mentioned. On Sunday morning a new story burst upon us in the form of posters in the Junta newspapers that Maceo had been murdered. The details were so overwrought and embellished with such alarming job type, and coupled with such appeals for intervention by Congress, as to impart an animus to the tale and cast doubt upon its veracity at once. If Maceo had been murdered, the murder was not done on our territory. He was not an American citizen. How did it concern us? What had Congress to say about it anyway? Apparently the whole story had been "cooked up" for hysterical effect upon American readers and embellished to sell newspapers.

The "war scare" that took possession of the public mind one year ago has not died out with the settlement of the Venezuelan dispute. It has merely taken another form. Evidence of its continued existence was observed on Monday, when the stock market declined heavily on the report that Maceo had been killed by treachery instead of in fair fight—as though that circumstance could make any difference to us. This tale was, naturally enough, made the pretext for a series of resolutions proposed by a Senator whose term of office is expiring, and who finds it necessary to whoop louder than usual for that reason. Yet Mr. Call's state of mind is not that of either the Senate or the House. His resolutions were referred to the committee on foreign relations without debate, and there, we are assured, they will sleep a considerable time, because Senator Sherman, its chairman, has recovered from the fit of Jingoism that afflicted him in common with so many of his fellows last spring. In the House it is affirmed that Chairman Hitt has come back clothed and in his right mind. In short, the Republican party is pretty well satisfied with things as they are, and has no wish to change the issue and start a crusade the end of which cannot be foreseen. The Popocrats, we are obliged to say, have at no time been a Jingo party. They still insist that we shall not submit to foreign dictation as to the kind of money we shall use, but that is a different thing from dictating to foreign countries what they shall do or not do about their own exclusive concerns.

The decline in the stock market was without reason, but it serves to show how extremely sensitive the public mind is to anything like foreign embroilment, and how everything of that nature tends to interrupt business and check the return of prosperity. The anti-British Jingoes, or the survivors of them, in their search for something to take the place of the Venezuelan dispute, have discovered that the Lesser Antilles are in a suffering state by reason of the low price of sugar, and that they want to be annexed to us in order to get an advantage in our market over the German beet-sugar growers. They have been making representations on this subject to the home Government for many years, urging that England shall adopt countervailing duties to the German sugar bounty. Hitherto Parliament has remained deaf to their entreaties. Latterly their prayer has been accompanied by something like a warning that they may be compelled to seek pecuniary salvation by joining the United States. How far this sentiment has found expression it is impossible to say, but it has served as a text for some of our Jingo newspapers. They assume at the outset that those islands are a desirable possession *per se*, whereas they are a source of expense to the country that is now responsible for them, without any corresponding gain or advantage. They are poverty-stricken to the last degree. The whites have mostly abandoned them long since after losing their money in them. Ninety-five per cent. of the population consists of negroes and mulattoes, whose wages are only 20 cents per day. It is their poverty, and not their will, that directs their thoughts towards us, so far as they are thinking about annexation. Do we want any more paupers?

The arrival of the ex-Queen of Hawaii at San Francisco has revived to some extent the flagging interest in the question of the annexation of those islands to the United States. Nearly four years have passed since President Harrison sent to the Senate his treaty to accomplish that object. The treaty was not acted upon by the Senate before Mr. Cleveland's inauguration, and shortly after his accession he withdrew it. There was a good deal of excitement about the matter then and for nearly a year afterwards. Gradually it passed away, so that most people now remember very little about it, except that the Queen's Government was overthrown and a republic set up in its place which has gone on with tranquillity, has paid its own way, and has not been disturbed by either foreign aggression or internal convulsions. All American interests have been as fully protected as they could have been if Hawaii had been a State in the Union and had voted for McKinley in the recent election. One of the current reports is that the ex-Queen has come hither for the purpose of advocating annexation, that the expenses of her journey are paid by the Hawaiian Government, and that she is to have a pension of $10,000 per year if she succeeds in her mission.

Although the Republicans set out to annex the islands in the beginning, and although they put a plank in their last national platform on the subject of Hawaii, they came short of demanding annexation. This is the more remarkable since the same platform did demand the acquisition by purchase of the Danish West Indies, which nobody now seems to want even as a free gift. The exact words of the Hawaiian clause in the platform are these:

> "The Hawaiian Islands should be controlled by the United States, and no foreign Power should be permitted to interfere with them."

The fact is that the islands have been controlled by us for twenty-one years, partly by moral influences, partly by the treaties of 1875 and 1887. The former, the so-called reciprocity treaty, provided that Hawaii should not make any grant or concession of ports or territory, or even of trade reciprocity, to any other country. The latter extended the duration of the former, and gave us the exclusive use of Pearl River harbor in addition, with the privilege of fortifying it if we should

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choose to do so. These treaties are as binding on the present Government as they were on that of the Queen, and are in no danger of being abrogated. Nor has any foreign Power shown the smallest desire or intention to interfere with the islands. The control, which is all that the Republican platform demands, is absolute now. It could not be made more so by annexation. But the control of Hawaii over us would begin with annexation, because she would then have demands on our Treasury, and would, after no very long period, send one Representative and two Senators to our Congress. She would begin to enact, in our halls of legislation, the same part that is now enacted by Idaho, Nevada, and Utah, with a constituency composed largely of Japanese, Chinese, and Portuguese, who would of course participate in our Presidential elections at the same time. Moreover, who is to answer for the movements of these interesting types of citizens after they come in? Being already part and parcel of Hawaii, they will become part and parcel of us, not merely as voters, but as persons. They will have the same right to move about that we have. In other words, they will be Americans, and will have the privilege of entering the port of San Francisco when they choose, in such numbers as they choose. They cannot be subjected to restraints in the way of identification that other citizens are not subjected to. We commend this view of annexation to the "Coasters" and all others who are fearful of a Mongolian invasion.

At the Republican Senate caucus on Tuesday week, a resolution was introduced by Senator Wolcott of Colorado of the following tenor:

"Resolved, That a special committee of five members of this caucus be appointed to recommend some plan whereby legislation may be had at this session of Congress looking to an international conference with leading commercial nations of the world for the promotion of bimetallism."

The newspapers say that the resolution was adopted without objection, and in a perfunctory manner, with no expectation that it would lead to any result. It is said to be a sop to Senators from the silver-mining States who did not bolt the St. Louis nominations and absent themselves from the caucus. Moreover, it was considered as in some sort a fulfilment of the clause of the St. Louis platform which says:

"We are therefore opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote," etc.

Whatever the reasons may have been for adopting such a resolution, it must be looked upon as solemn fooling, if not worse. It will probably turn out to be worse, since it confirms to a certain extent what the Bryanites said all through the campaign, that the country and mankind are suffering for want of bimetallism. If that is the truth, of course they must keep up the fight to bring it about, and logically the Republicans ought to join them. If the requisite number of foreign nations will not join us, then it is equally incumbent on us to do something to bring in bimetallism at home, and the only subject of dispute is whether the ratio of 16 to 1 is the true one, or whether we should adopt one nearer to the market ratio.

The good old times of "tariff hearings" are with us again. How idyllic the programme is! A day for this interest, another for that; one schedule to be "heard" on Monday, another on Tuesday, and so on. All the manufacturers who will march on Washington Coxey-fashion are to be disinterested patriots, anxious only that the dear workingmen may have good wages. They will strain a point with the committee to make their demands for themselves very "moderate." They will gravely tell Chairman Dingley that the rates they ask for are just sufficient to send up wages but not prices, except for those who like to pay higher prices; while as for the manufacturers themselves, they are willing to go on with only two meals a day. Then, of course, there is the revenue—they are all concerned about that. If you come right down to it, all they want a protective tariff for is to bring in revenue. Imported goods are monstrous, to be sure, and no true American can look upon them without disgust; but what is meant is goods imported to be used. Everybody approves of goods imported simply to pay duties and swell the revenue, and which will then immediately disappear and not bother us. If goods are really to come in and be sold as well as pay customs taxes, why, of course, they must be in some other "schedule" than our own. You are scarcely so simple as to think we voted for McKinley merely to have foreign goods dumped on our devoted shores.

The "business men" of Philadelphia, with whom Quay has quarrelled, published on Thursday a letter sent out during the late campaign to a number of candidates for the Pennsylvania Senate and House. It was sent by State Chairman Elkins, and ran as follows: "By request of Senator Quay I take great pleasure in enclosing contribution to defray your campaign expenses." Each letter contained a check for either $500 or $250. This is valuable as an account, in the very words, how the "boss business" is carried on. Platt conducts it in precisely the same manner. He sends candidates checks for "campaign expenses" out of the money levied by him as blackmail on the corporations. The candidate gladly accepts, and if he is elected he is "owned" by the boss, and obeys his orders in the Legislature. Most of these candidates are country lawyers or farmers, or young adventurers, to whom $250 or $500 for any purpose is very welcome. This enables both Platt and Quay to sell legislation, to say what bill shall be passed and what not. Indirectly it enables them to say to the Governors what appointments they shall make. In fact, it operates as a sale of the States to men of bad character. It is a very open transaction, too. It goes on year after year under the eyes and noses of men who profess to have a great deal of patriotism when there is a prospect of a war with England, but none at any other time. It is now about to operate as the sale of a seat in the Senate to Platt, and he is allowed to make the purchase as a reward for a long career of baseness.

One of the alarming features of the New York Senatorial crisis is the silence of the press about it. There is apparently a prospect that a gross outrage on the State is about to be perpetrated by a venal Legislature; and under the new doctrine that when an outrage is likely to succeed, there is no use in saying anything about it, the press has nothing to say about the senatorship. The *Tribune* has very tardily and warily spoken out for Choate, but the others let one of the most important functions of the State as a State be performed with little more than a mention, while they lavish columns on the doings of two foreigners in another country, Weyler and Maceo. If the Union League Club had not spoken up, one of our greatest shames would probably have passed without notice. That is one natural result of boss government. The essentials of American government are publicity and discussion—the doing of public business openly, and the open statement of the reason why each thing is done. The essentials of boss government are silence and secrecy, or, as they have been called in Pennsylvania, "addition, division, and silence."

People who think that our Presidents ought to be chosen by popular vote should find food for reflection in the statement from Austin that, during the last week of November, the State Returning Board was counting the vote of Texas, and that even so long after the election as the 1st of December the figures had not been received at the capital from six counties. Fancy the condition of the country after an election like that of 1880, when Garfield received 214 electoral votes and Hancock 155, if the public had been obliged to wait a month or more for the full returns from Texas in order to learn which candidate had a plurality of the popular vote—the final count in that year showing 9,464 more for Garfield than for Hancock in the whole Union. Think,

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too, of the temptation that the Democratic officials who always compose returning-boards in Texas would have had, to throw out 10,000 Republican votes in that State in order to leave Hancock ahead in the whole country—the recent count at Austin having been made behind closed doors by the Governor, Secretary of State, and Attorney-General, without the presence of a single representative of any other party.

The *Iowa State Register* is loath to drop the idea that the sound-money Democrats ought to receive some "recognition" in the way of federal offices from the McKinley Administration. Its latest suggestion is on behalf of Mr. George F. Parker, United States Consul at Birmingham, who is an Iowa man and a Democrat, but who opposed Bryanism and, during the campaign, wrote letters and contributed articles to the press that were "greatly helpful in convincing true Democrats of the United States that Bryanarchy is not Democracy." The *Register* speaks highly of Mr. Parker's official record, and expresses the hope that "civil service, or a proper appreciation of a good man in the right place, will be sufficient to retain Mr. Parker as Consul at Birmingham during the next Administration." As we have previously said in regard to other cases, we do not think that a Democrat ought to be retained in office simply because he opposed Bryanism. On the other hand, we not only believe that Mr. Parker ought to be retained on the ground of his efficiency in office, but we see no reason why every other efficient Consul should not also be retained. Does the *Register* see any?

Gov. Morton deserves the thanks of all friends of good government for his public-spirited action in approving the extension of the civil-service regulations. It is no secret that in doing this he has disregarded the appeals of the Platt machine leaders, who realized that the extension would make their proposed work of nullifying the law more odious and consequently more difficult. They hoped to induce the Governor to delay action till the expiration of his term, feeling sure that Gov. Black would be more easily controlled by them. They have had little Lexow of Nyack and other Platt errand-boys running about on this business for several weeks past, hoping in one way or another to prevent Gov. Morton from taking any action; but all their efforts have come to nothing through the Governor's firmness and sense of public duty. The rules have been extended precisely as the friends of reform wished them to be. Not only have 116 new places been brought under the competitive examinations, but all public officials are subjected to stricter regulations and can be held to greater accountability than ever before. In giving his approval, Gov. Morton takes occasion to say some truths about civil-service reform and the public sentiment of the State in regard to it which the assailants of the law will not relish. "The civil service principle," he says, "as applied to administrative offices, is doubtless here to stay, and its utility will be readily conceded by most persons who have had experience in public affairs. Now that the policy is firmly established in our Constitution and laws, is sustained by our highest courts and justified by experience, it is important that it be judiciously applied in the public service, under a careful but not too rigid classification, and with clear and simple rules, possessing sufficient flexibility to permit modifications which may be found necessary in practical administration."

It is one of the veriest commonplaces that nobody else has so much to hope for from the establishment of civil-service reform and the elimination of partisanship from the mass of the offices as the poor man. For this reason "organized labor" could not have had a more obvious combination of duty and profit than would have been found in a campaign for the merit system. Yet we do not recall any evidence of activity in this line of effort among the various associations of workingmen in this State or elsewhere. It is therefore a gratifying surprise to find that the Indiana State Federation of Trade and Labor Unions has adopted a resolution advocating the passage by the new Legislature of a measure that shall place the entire control of the penal, correctional, and charitable institutions in the hands of the State Board of Charities, in order to abolish the spoils system of control. In advocating this resolution the President claimed that by its passage the Federation would be simply adhering to the policy outlined in its first declaration of principles, and he said that the members of the organization believe that it has had much to do in cultivating public sentiment on this question. The real wonder is that Indiana is the only State where the leaders of "organized labor" have been awake to the importance of this subject to those whom they represent.

The Republican candidate for Congress in the Third Mississippi District last month was a negro who received only a few hundred votes, and it is announced that he will contest the seat of Representative Catchings, who was reëlected. Apparently his claim will rest upon the contention that the present system of qualification for the suffrage in that State is unjust and unconstitutional. Since the new Constitution went into effect, the negro vote has fallen off very greatly. This is due largely to the fact that, in order to be entitled to the suffrage, a man must now be able to read the Constitution or to understand it when read to him, and must also have paid a poll tax, as well as have resided in his election precinct for a year. Honestly enforced, these restrictions would probably bar out ten ignorant, penniless, and migratory blacks to one white. If honestly enforced, nobody who believes that some guards should be put around the ballot-box can object to them.

The mere fact that few negroes now vote in Mississippi does not of itself prove any unfairness in the administration of the constitutional tests for the suffrage. Only a comparatively small proportion of the race can meet the existing qualifications, although the number registered seems to be increasing in a normal manner with the coming of age of youth who have been educated in the public schools. There is another reason for a small colored vote, however, which is seldom thought of. This is the fact that the Southern negro has ceased to regard the ballot as the supreme good. There was a time when he thought that it made little difference whether he worked and saved and accumulated money and learned something, provided he could vote. He has learned that it is far more important for him to acquire some property than it is to cast a ballot for some white or black politician who cares nothing for him. The wisest leaders of the race—men like Booker Washington of Tuskegee, Ala., for example—are much more urgent that the negro shall make himself fit for the suffrage in the future, than that black men who are not fit to exercise it shall cast ballots now; and such leaders have many followers. This is one reason why the colored vote has fallen off in all parts of the South.

Mr. Curzon made an address at Manchester on December 1, in which he spoke forcibly of the way in which diplomacy is hampered in the modern world by the press. The foreign correspondents of all the large papers are continually giving the public startling information about secret treaties or alliances or pending negotiations. These gentlemen are very ingenious and versatile, but the public forgets that they are not usually called right into the interiors of Foreign Offices. They simply hang about outside, and pick up what of rumor or fiction they can, and telegraph it as authentic news. Then the Foreign Secretary goes down to the House and is at once questioned by excited members as to the truth of the alarming news. He has to reply that he has no information on the subject, and then there is much muttering about his "evasion," and about the Government being always behind the newspapers in information. In a day or two the whole yarn is exposed, but by that time another one is invented just as good, and so it goes on.

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THE OUTLOOK IN CONGRESS.

THE first political bout in the Senate on the 9th instant furnished a discouraging outlook for the work ahead of the McKinley Administration; for, although the new President is not yet in office, the Congress that is to coöperate with him will be composed of substantially the same raw material as the present. It is possible, but not probable, that the Republicans may muster a majority of the Senate after the 4th of March, but even if they do, there will be untrustworthy elements in it. There will be members like Carter of Montana, who will want to "do something for silver," and who will be pushed on by their constituents to demand something for it as the price of any legislation either tariff-wise or currency-wise. So we may fairly judge of the next Congress by the present one, and the forecast is by no means hopeful.

The Republicans have been wrestling with the Dingley bill. That measure, whether good or bad in itself, is only a temporary makeshift. Even if passed now, it would expire by limitation about eighteen months hence. It cannot be passed now without a fierce debate, on account of the free-silver amendment fastened upon it in the Senate. As there is no rule for limiting talk in the Senate, the silverites could easily carry it along on the tide of debate till the expiration of the session. But if it were passed in its present shape, it would not preclude the necessity of another tariff bill very soon. There is a clamorous faction in the party demanding an extra session of Congress as soon as McKinley is inaugurated in order to pass an entirely new tariff bill. It would be very disturbing to business to pass the Dingley bill on the 3d of March and have an extraordinary session of Congress called on the 4th to pass another bill dealing with the same subject. There would be something ridiculous in such a proceeding also.

These embarrassing features of the situation are present to the minds of the Republican leaders. It was probably for these reasons that they gave the cold shoulder to the Dingley bill in the Senate caucus on Tuesday week. The opposition Senators, being not exactly fools, thought that it would be just as well to make them take their medicine. So Senator Allen of Nebraska moved to take up the Dingley bill as a serious measure of business. That this motion was quite unexpected on the Republican side of the chamber was made plain by the sequel. Senators Aldrich and Platt both objected, but presently withdrew their objections and voted with Allen to take up the bill. In the meantime there was some very pretty by-play, with a view to putting each other "in a hole." Allen had professed a desire to remove all obstructions to the passage of the bill. Chandler suggested that one obstruction to its passage was the free-silver amendment, and wanted to know if Allen would consent to remove that. He would not. He did not consider that an obstruction, but rather the chief lubricant and motor of the bill. Aldrich wanted to know whether Allen would allow the bill to come to a vote immediately. Allen replied that he would not. He wanted to have it carefully considered. He wanted to know, too, whether the Republicans would commit themselves to the Dingley bill for the next four years. This was the only reason why he had called it up. He wanted to put the Republicans "in a hole." They understood the game of holes also, and they declined to go into this one, although they had started for it very promptly when Allen first made his motion. The result is that the Dingley bill is up. How it will be disposed of, it is too early to say, but it is not likely to pass.

This is a discouraging outlook because it promises no beneficial legislation so far as the Senate is concerned, and, of course, there can be none without the cooperation of the Senate. Turning to the House, we find some evidence of a serious purpose to grapple with the chief problem of the day. The committee on banking and currency seems to have a clear perception of the needs of the hour, and has shown a purpose to meet them to the extent at least of acquiring information. On motion of Mr. Brosius, a resolution was adopted inviting definite plans from commercial, financial, and industrial organizations for the amendment of our currency system. On motion of Mr. Johnson of Indiana, another resolution was adopted requesting the Comptroller of the Currency to analyze all the bills now before the committee, and state the effect of the same if enacted into law, and also to formulate a measure of his own. The latter task the Comptroller may easily undertake, but the former he cannot be expected to do within the short limits of the present session.

The resolution of Mr. Brosius is evidently a signal to the coming Indianapolis convention. It ought to be so considered at all events. Congress will do nothing about the retirement of the greenbacks—it will do nothing about anything—unless pushed on by public opinion. It will run in its present rut for four years, and take the awful risk of another Presidential campaign like the last one unless the commercial bodies of the country prise it out. They can do so if they will. They caused the repeal of the Sherman act in 1893 by active and incessant work. They can accomplish a greater reform now by the same means, but they must go about it in a systematic and persistent way. If they have not the necessary public spirit, certainly Congress will not have it. Nor can the newspapers do very much without the active and visible support and cooperation of the business community. With such backing, the torpor of Congress can be overcome and the ground can be prepared both for future legislation and for future political campaigns. Business men should be mindful also that whatever they do or fail to do, the silverites and fiat-money men are going to be as busy as the arch-enemy of mankind during the whole of the coming four years.

THE NEXT SENATE AND SILVER.

THE overwhelming defeat of the Populistic candidate for President in the national contest last month, and the large majority which the Republicans secured in the elections for members of the House of Representatives, produced a false impression as to the strength of their party in the next Senate. Even the professional politicians appear to have shared the popular feeling that the gold standard would have the support of a majority in the upper as well as in the lower branch of Congress from 1897 to 1899. The revelation of Republican weakness in the present Senate made by the recent division on the Dingley bill, and the consequent discovery of the narrowness of the chance that the "straight-out" members of the party will number a majority of the body after the 4th of March, have consequently come with a shock.

In the Fifty-third Congress, after the admission of Utah, there were 44 Republicans, 39 Democrats, and 6 Populists, with one seat from Delaware vacant—counting Tillman among the Democrats, and allowing the Republicans all who had been elected by that party, except the two Senators from Nevada. The other four Populists were Peffer of Kansas, Allen of Nebraska, Kyle of South Dakota, and Butler of North Carolina. As the result of elections in either 1895 or 1896, the Republicans gain one seat from each of the six States of New York, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Maryland, while they have lost the Legislatures which elect successors to outgoing Republicans in Colorado, Idaho, Utah, and Washington. Kentucky's action is still in doubt. Here is a net gain of two, which would give the party 46 out of 90 members, or a bare majority if all the sitting Senators who were elected as Republicans, except Jones and Stewart of Nevada, could always be depended upon. The losses are all practical gains for the Populists, since the Senators to be chosen in Colorado, Idaho, Utah, and Washington, whether former Republicans or Democrats, will be Populists on the silver issue.

Unfortunately for the Republicans, besides losing these four seats, they have already lost also two men who formerly attended Republican caucuses, and who will be members in the next Congress—Mantle of Montana and Pettigrew of South Dakota. This reduces their assured strength in caucus to 44. The chances seem favorable to the election of a Republican Senator by the Kentucky Legislature; but that body is so close, and party dissensions are so bitter, that the final result may be the choice of a

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sound-money Democrat. There is some talk about the possibility of a Republican Senator being chosen by the North Carolina Legislature, in which body the Republicans have the largest number of members, though much short of a majority. But such a man would have to be a silver man to secure the necessary Populist support, so that he could not properly be counted as a Republican. If both of these States should return men who would enter Republican caucuses, the party would have 46 members, or a bare majority. That is the most favorable result possible.

But this would be a very different thing from a majority for living up to the St. Louis platform as regards the gold standard. The recent Republican caucus was attended by four members of the next Senate who believe in free coinage, although they supported McKinley in the recent canvass — Wolcott of Colorado, Shoup of Idaho, Carter of Montana, and Clark of Wyoming; besides Mitchell of Oregon, Perkins of California, and Pritchard of North Carolina, whose terms are about expiring. If sound-money men should be chosen in these three cases (and this is impossible in North Carolina), the Republicans would be still several short of a majority for the gold standard. The situation, therefore, is simply this: At best the Republicans may hope to have a bare majority of the Senate who will be willing to enter a Republican caucus; they are not sure even of this. But such a bare majority of the body will not mean that enough votes can be depended upon to carry out a policy of legislation based on the St. Louis platform. On the contrary, it must be regarded as certain that there will not be a majority of Republicans who will vote for any measure in the interest of the gold standard. Moreover, there is the graver danger, not to say certainty, that no majority can be secured for the passage of a tariff measure except upon the concession of some legislation in the interest of silver.

If the question were simply one of the gold standard, the prospect would not be depressing. The support of several sound-money Democrats could be counted upon for a good financial measure standing by itself. But such Democrats of course will not support a Republican tariff measure. Unfortunately it is tariff legislation rather than financial legislation that the Republican managers are most bent upon. The danger is that they will make a'most any sacrifice on the silver question to secure such legislation. In view of the probable assembling of the Fifty-fifth Congress in a few weeks, sound-money men throughout the country should at once begin to arouse and organize public sentiment against another repetition of those compromises with the silver men which have disgraced our legislation for twenty years.

CONGRESS AND FINANCIAL CONTROL.

THE American system of public finance —meaning thereby the control by Congress of national revenue and expenditure—has long been an anomalous thing. Nothing like it is known to any other government in the world, civilized or uncivilized. Nowhere else is the power to spend made so independent of the obligation to tax in order to spend. In every other system there is either a single man, a Minister of Finance, or a single committee—on the budget—that gives with the right hand only what is taken in taxation by the left. But our plan is to let one set of men lay the taxes, and guess within $20,000,000 how much they will produce, while another and entirely distinct and irresponsible set of men make appropriations, and guess how much they will amount to.

This system has always been the astonishment of foreign observers, and the concern of not a few even of those who live under it and suffer from it. But its vices have been concealed from the public view, owing to certain favoring circumstances. The steady and enormous expansion of the country has generally driven up the revenue above the most wanton spending. "Just look at the surplus!" has been the sufficient answer to all critics; "we guess your Chancellors of the Exchequer would be glad enough if they had as much to the good." But the events of the past three years have stricken the scales from many eyes. The system has been exposed for just what it is—a happy-go-lucky, irresponsible system, without sense or safeguards, that is foolish and indefensible in good times, and in bad is imbecile and dangerous to the last degree.

What could be more brainless and alarming than the kind of financial control seen in the last session of Congress and to be repeated in this? The committee on income was caught in an *impasse*. It could not raise a single dollar by taxation, though the revenues were notoriously deficient. Yet, in the face of this fact, the committees on expenditure brought in and passed bills for sums greater than ever before, thus deliberately voting a deficit of $50,000,000. The same process is to be gone through with this winter. Chairman Dingley has abandoned hope of being able to lay a single new tax. He and all his party cry to Heaven that the revenue is not sufficient to run the government, yet they confess their inability to add a penny to the income. But does this make any difference with the spending committees? Perish the thought! They are all going busily ahead with their appropriations, which, on their own showing, in accordance with their own angry charges and partisan recriminations, will create another deficiency of $50,000,000. This is financial chaos. Such a spectacle at Washington, twice exhibited, should suggest to the most blundering and haphazard of democracies that something is wrong with its system of financial control.

Now, the one fixed fact in all this business is, that any representative body with power to spend money will spend it extravagantly unless held in check. It is not a matter of race or climate or institutions. Waste is the very law of being of all congresses, parliaments, cortes, committees, boards, with power to disburse public funds. Any or all of them unchecked would run riot with public finance, as our Congress does, unless some sort of hook were put in their jaws. London is just now having a scandal over the reckless extravagance of the County Council. It is because that body is subject to no efficient financial control. The London School Board is in trouble over the fact that its various committees are spending more money than they have to spend. Here again the evil is lack of centralized and responsible financial control. The House of Commons escapes only because it is firmly bitted. No private member can so much as bring in a money bill. The Treasury controls everything. Every grant of money goes hand in hand with its corresponding tax. The Chancellor of the Exchequor has absolute control both of income and outgo. Under his scrutiny and authority the estimates are rigidly cut down and kept down. The ambition of the Treasury is to show as large a surplus as possible with as light taxation as possible. Without such a bridle on its head, the Commons would be as spendthrift as our Congress.

But how have we got along so well in the past if our system is all wrong? Well, our system, always defective, has yet been better than it now is. It has distinctly changed for the worse in the last few years. That is the most alarming thing in the situation. Thirty years ago we had a semblance of financial control in Congress. Down to the close of the war the power to appropriate was harnessed, as it should be, with the power to tax. The ways and means committee had charge, not only of revenue, but of expenditure. But in 1865 the separate appropriations committee was formed, thus putting asunder what should be joined for ever. Little by little the power even of this committee has been undermined. It now has charge of but six of the thirteen general appropriation bills. The chairmen of other committees are all the while fighting to get control of a bill carrying the spending of money. Already there are seven separate and independent spending committees against one helpless taxing committee. Is it any wonder that we plunge from one deficit into another?

Remedies we do not discuss at present. The recognition of the dangerous nature of the disease is the main thing. It is idle to talk about finding relief in changing Presidents or Congresses or tariffs as long as our headless system of financial con-

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trol (or grotesque lack of it) continues. We have scattered responsibility, and have inevitably scattered our resources also. We have dissipated power and funds at the same time. We have flown in the face of all legislative and governmental experience, and it is not surprising that we are just now a little the worse for the collision. The absurdity, the humiliating helplessness of the situation at Washington to-day ought surely to have some effect even upon this complacent nation in rousing it to the need of protection against a spendthrift Congress, now running wild without bit or bridle.

THE NEW YORK SENATORSHIP.

THE action of the Union League Club in unanimously approving the candidacy of Mr. Choate for the senatorship is a most welcome sign that the moral sense of the Republican party in this State is not so dead as it has seemed to be recently. There was nothing perfunctory or half-hearted in the proceedings. Mr. Guthrie's impressive speech put the issue in precisely the right way, and put it so clearly that there could be no doubt as to the spirit in which the club took its action. He defined the situation accurately when he said that there "never has been a time since the foundation of this government when the federal Senate stood in greater need of the highest order of ability, integrity, and patriotism"; and though he refrained from making any reference to the man who is proposing to elect himself to meet this emergency, there was no need of his doing so, for nobody has been so audacious as to claim that Mr. Platt possesses the qualities which Mr. Guthrie enumerates as essential. Mr. Platt himself does not do it, and does not desire his friends to do it for him. He shrinks from all discussion of his qualifications, and wishes to be chosen Senator with as little disturbance as possible.

In this respect Platt's present candidacy is very much like his first. Nobody considered him as a candidate in the Presidential campaign of 1880. He was then chairman of the Republican State Committee, and held the place merely as Senator Conkling's confidential agent. He had cut no figure in public affairs, being content to run about the State as Conkling's political errand-boy, and finding natural delight in the underground work of politics. When the Legislature came together in January, 1881, he emerged suddenly as a candidate for Senator, and the discovery was soon made that he had been using his power as the head of the Conkling machine to "fix" the Legislature in his own interest. A great army of workers, State office-holders of all grades, from high officials to their deputies, assistants, and clerks, suddenly swarmed about the State capitol in support of Platt. It was estimated at the time that there were at least 100 of these. They all gave the members to understand that Platt was the Conkling machine candidate. No other reason was given for his election. The *Tribune*, which was a stanch Republican organ then, said of him after his election: "If a distinctive representative of the machine was to be chosen, then doubtless this is the best result obtainable." He entered the Senate on March 4, 1881, and did absolutely nothing in it except say ditto to Conkling. When President Garfield came in, Conkling at once got into his famous quarrel with him over the distribution of New York patronage, and when he resigned from the Senate on May 16, because he had lost the collectorship of the port of New York, Platt resigned also, exciting by his servile conduct the derision of the whole country, and earning his name of "Conkling's Me Too." He went to Albany with Conkling to fight for a vindication by means of a reëlection, but, after struggling for this object for several weeks, abandoned it in the face of a personal scandal which was so vile in its details that even the most sensational and unscrupulous of our newspapers refrained from publishing them.

Platt is wise and prudent, therefore, in seeking a reëlection without discussion, and with as little publicity as possible. He has done nothing during the sixteen years since he stepped down and out that shows him to be any more fit for the senatorship now than he was when he held it before. There is no reason for believing that he will be any more equal to its duties now than he was then, or will have any other idea of the position than to use it as a basis for a war on President McKinley over the distribution of spoils. He depends now, as he did in 1881, upon the machine for his election. From no other quarter does there come a demand for his election. Newspapers that he owns, as he owns members of the Legislature, because he has bought them with the political blackmail that he collects from corporations, support him as a matter of course, but nobody else does. Not a single voice that is disinterested and intelligent is heard in his favor. From no man or body of men, representing the morals, intelligence, and character of the people of the State, does there come a word in advocacy of his candidacy.

It is said of Mr. Platt by his sole champion in the press of New York, the ex-Tammany *Sun*, that "he has never cared to walk in a fog of virtuous pretences"—as if that were a reason why he should be chosen Senator from the State of New York. This is a variation of the old claim, that he is no humbug or hypocrite, which has been made in behalf of every political rascal since the dawn of history. In saying it of Platt, his advocate is refuting a charge which has not been made. No one, so far as we have observed, has accused Platt of "virtuous pretences." There is no more doubt about his methods than there is about those of Croker and Matt Quay and all other bosses, past and present. There has been no hypocrisy or humbug or false pretence about any of them. They are openly in the business of corrupt politics, and they don't care who knows it. Every one of them is fond of saying, and his friends are fond of saying it for him, that, whatever else he is, he is no hypocrite; hypocrisy being considered a far more atrocious thing than the stealing of public money, or the corruption of politics, or the buying and selling of legislation for personal profit. Not one of the men whom Platt's present champion has defended and praised during the past quarter of a century, beginning with Tweed, Barnard, and Cardozo, and running steadily down without a break through Gorman of Maryland, McLaughlin of Brooklyn, Gen. Butler of Massachusetts, Ingalls of Kansas, Matt Quay, John Kelly, Croker, Paddy Divver, Tom Grady, Dave Hill, the Sheehans, Ham Fish, and even the ex-convict Callicott of Albany, whom Hill wished to make Superintendent of Insurance, has "walked in a fog of virtuous pretences." Platt is, therefore, classified properly when he is placed in this Valhalla by the venerable Tammany Odin who for so many years has distributed the meadhorns to incoming Valkyrs.

In selecting Mr. Choate as their candidate the anti-Platt Republicans have acted with great wisdom. He presents such a perfect contrast to Platt that argument as to the respective merits of the two is absurd. Mr. Choate's character and abilities are so well known that anything more than the mention of him as a candidate is unnecessary. To set forth his qualifications at length would be simply to tell every man of intelligence in the State what he knows already. It is universally admitted that Mr. Choate would make the ideal Senator for the first State in the Union. Then why can he not be elected? Why should not the representatives of the people, when they assemble at Albany in January, give expression to the popular wish and judgment of the State, and vote to send Mr. Choate to Washington? Could anything be done by these representatives which would bring more honor to the State or confer upon it a higher service? Could anything be done by them which would bring more honor upon the Republican party? Then why will they not do it? The only reason is that Platt owns them and wishes them to elect himself instead. Any other explanation is impossible, for it is as difficult to give a satisfactory reason for electing Platt as it is to give one for refusing to elect Mr. Choate. That is why Platt and his men contemplate the situation in silence, and why the presses which Platt is able, for reasons mysterious and other, to control, mostly do likewise. It is one of those cases in which the less said the better, but it is also one in which silence is a

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powerful argument against the very persons who are maintaining it.

THE THEATRE IN LONDON.

LONDON, November 30, 1896.

IT is only a very few years since a great *renaissance* was fondly proclaimed, and we had Mr. Pinero playing the English Ibsen, and an Independent Theatre in full swing, while psychology as a dramatic motive was supreme. But already the dark days have come again. The Independent faction has virtually disappeared. One-half the London theatres are given over to what is called musical comedy, a cross really between the old far more clever burlesque and the new music-hall programme; the other half to genuine melodrama, historical, romantic, or sentimental, as it may be. True, Sir Henry Irving remains faithful to Shakspere, but then there are unfriendly critics who say that Shakspere at the Lyceum is nothing more than spectacular melodrama under a finer name; and it is because I am afraid the same criticism would hold good in the case of Mr. Alexander's revival of "As You Like It" that *I* have not had the courage to go and see it. Altogether, it is high time that some effort should be made by the few who believe the theatre is meant for better things; and this effort, this practical protest, has come in the shape of two distinct performances within the week.

It is a matter of course that one of these should be an Ibsen play, for, in London at least, the Norwegian dramatist is, as Mr. Henry James has ingeniously called him, "a barometer of the intellectual weather." The special play chosen was the last published, "Little Eyolf," acted already elsewhere, but never before put on the English stage. It is too late in the day to explain or analyze its plot, since its publication in book form has already been a challenge for the heated argument which the printing or performance of an Ibsen drama has always proved. The theme is characteristic; more human, less intellectual than usual, some of the London critics have been saying. However that may be, in the study of the relations between this special husband and wife Ibsen has set himself but another of the ethical problems which he, better than any man living, knows how to work out dramatically. Nor is "Little Eyolf," especially when seen on the stage, found to be free from the most irritating defects of its author, found to be without his indisputable power. It is essentially "suburban" (I think it was Mr. James who first applied to the Ibsen play this adjective, which has now become a byword with the critical authorities of the London press). The simplicity of the dialogue, so admirable at times, at others dwindles into the most futile commonplace; and the hero is the impossible, the pedantic, the unbearable Ibsen prig, silly and like a vain child in his pride of mental and spiritual emancipation, who repels all interest and sympathy from the start. Indeed, it seems to me almost fortunate that, at this very moment, there should be hanging in one of the London galleries M. Blanche's last Salon picture, the big, really brutal portrait of M. Thaulow, for it serves as a timely reminder that there are still left a few Norsemen made of flesh and blood; that all the descendants of the old Vikings are not the puny weaklings, the anæmic, neurotic pedants that Ibsen would have us believe. To me, *Allmers* cuts almost a more contemptible figure than *Solness*, or *Tesman*, or *Helmer*.

But, having said so much, one must still admit that the play is intensely dramatic, that it holds the interest of the audience to the very end, though there is little action, little incident after the first act. When Ibsen forgets the preacher that is strong within him, he is the incomparable dramatist; and this one feels and recognizes, despite the inevitable element of symbolism in his plays—an element distasteful to the Anglo-Saxon no longer on familiar terms with the supernatural as is the Norseman or the Teuton; and despite the actors. And here I come really to the all-important point, for in every one of these recent sporadic attempts to reform, or "elevate," as the slang phrase goes, the stage, attention has been turned entirely to the drama itself, none spared for its interpreters. "Little Eyolf" was undertaken by two actresses, Miss Janet Achurch and Miss Elizabeth Robins, who have made so great a success in playing Ibsen that lately they have been seldom seen in anything else. Miss Achurch was *Rita*, a part the difficulty of which is not to be exaggerated. But, every allowance made, her interpretation could not be accepted as anything but painfully inadequate. I say this with all due hesitation, for there are enthusiasts in London who declare Miss Achurch the greatest actress of the age. She has, but it is by chance, her fine moments, which makes one realize that a good actress has been lost simply from lack of training. For so far is she from having mastered the first principles of her profession that even her voice is beyond her control, and half the time one does not understand what she is saying. To compare her to a Duse, as has been done, is much as if one were to compare the Royal Academy portrait to a Velasquez. Miss Robins, who has triumphed as some of Ibsen's other heroines, only less emotional than *Rita*, as *Hedda Gabler*, as *Hilde Wangel*, was content to efface herself as the colorless, and to her, I fancy, not congenial *Asta*. I need say nothing of the *Ratwife;* her entrance on the scene was the signal for melodrama. The two actors but emphasized the unpleasant qualities of Ibsen's men, and brought to their perhaps thankless task no compensating charm, or trick, of personality. If the performance of "Little Eyolf" proved anything, it was that a good play is much easier to lay hands on than a company competent to present it.

I think this is the moral, if moral must be had, of the second dramatic event to which I have referred, and which was a very different affair, a history lesson rather than an intellectual exercise. The play was the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and it was given by the Elizabethan Stage Society, whose aims are largely archæological and historic, the object being not merely to produce the old Elizabethan comedies and tragedies, but to produce them exactly as they were seen by the dramatist's contemporaries—that is, with scenery of the most primitive description, or else none whatever; and with the costumes of the period, since managers then did not spend their energy in studying those details of dress and furniture which have now become of paramount importance. When possible, other conditions are observed, and one of London's beautiful old halls made the scene of the performance.

The first two experiments were not without interest. One was "The Comedy of Errors," its background Grey's Inn Hall, where, what with the lovely old panelling and screen, what with the appropriate attendants holding aloft their flaming torches, it made so fine a spectacle that one forgave the too evident shortcomings of the actors. The other was Marlow's "Dr. Faustus," which had less picturesque surroundings, but was vastly amusing in its primitive stage machinery, its Devils and Deadly Sins, like so many forerunners of the Drury Lane Pantomime, and its hero, who, in his naïve pedantry and priggishness, seemed to have anticipated Ibsen's students and sceptics. But the revival of primitive methods is always a dangerous game. There is a time when one grows weary of the Kelmscott book, of the sham mediæval woodcut, of the Pre-Raphaelite Madonna. Unfortunately, it is only with the spectacular revival that the Society, in its enthusiasm, is concerned.

For the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," every essential detail was most conscientiously considered. The Merchant Taylors lent their hall in Threadneedle Street, perhaps the most stately and magnificent of the many halls the city companies have hidden away in the little labyrinth of business streets which is known as the City of London. There was no stage, no scenery, no effect, beyond that yielded by gorgeous panelling, by palatial doorways, by flamboyant coats of arms. Through these doorways, sometimes directly through the body of the hall, in the midst of the audience, exits and entrances were made. Nor was there any music, save that called for by Shakspere in the second scene of the fourth act, and then the song "Who is Silvia?" was accompanied by the correct virginals and viols. There were attendants with halberds. The dress worn by *Valentine* and *Proteus* was carefully reproduced from an old sixteenth-century fresco that decorates the Hall of the Carpenters' Company; the uniform of the Outlaws was copied from a design for a halberdier used in the Fishmongers' pageant in 1609. In a word, no pains were spared to insure accuracy. It is just probable Shakspere himself might have sat through the performance without too great a shock.

But the novelty of Elizabethan stage management had already been worn off by the first example offered a year since with the "Comedy of Errors." One looked to the actors to prove something more than mere historical dummies. It would have been pleasant—and I do not think the demand unreasonable—to hear the lines put into their mouths. But this was the one thing quite impossible: not a single man or woman of them all understood the secret of distinct, clear enunciation; and, as for their manner, I could imagine the lecture Shakspere would have read them on their mouthing and ranting! Of the fact that three-fourths of the audience could see as little as they could hear I shall not speak, since it was the result of a mistaken, though no doubt well-meant, arrangement of the seats. And besides, if the performance failed, it was because of no such trifle, but entirely because the actors were not qualified to play on any stage, whether fashioned after Shaksperian or Lyceum models.

There is no question that the Englishman—and it makes no difference if he calls himself Ibsenite or Elizabethan—who aspires to a more perfect theatre, has begun at the wrong end of the ladder. Just as the English painter hopes, by the bigness or holiness of his subject, to overcome his technical deficiencies, so the English actor trusts to the quality of the play to bring out his latent but untrained talent. There is really needed at the present crisis, not the great drama, but the great

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actor, as accomplished in his art as a Duse or a Coquelin, as eager in his study of the right gesture, the right intonation, as a Flaubert in his search for the right word; and the two latest of so many attempts to break away from the restraints of the popular theatre do but confirm this truth.

BRANTÔME.

PARIS, December 2, 1896.

THE Société de l'Histoire de France was founded as late as 1834; its publications already form a very important series. I count in it twelve exhausted, seventy-four partly exhausted, and six in the press. There is a council which chooses the works to be published and the most capable editors. Some of the volumes are perhaps not of the highest interest; many others are very valuable historical documents. In 1862 M. de Montalembert, one of the founders, expressed a desire that the Society would issue an edition of the works of Brantôme, accompanied, as are all the Society's publications, with notes, summaries, and indexes. The task, not an easy one, was confided to M. Ludovic Lalanne; the first volume appeared in 1864, and volumes ii. to x. successively till 1871; volume xi., comprising the index, appeared in 1882; the notice of Brantôme, his life and his works, constituting the last volume of the series, appeared only a few days ago.

Brantôme is well known to those who have made a thorough study of French literature and history. As a littérateur he holds a very peculiar place. He is an admirable specimen of the writer of the sixteenth century; his language has an archaism, an ease, a freedom, a sort of looseness and fluidity which does not recur in the classics of the seventeenth century. It is difficult to call him an historian, as he never attempted to write the systematic history of any period; but his works contain an abundance of anecdotes on all the people of his time which are an inexhaustible mine for the historian. He is not an essayist like Montaigne, and holds no philosophical doctrine of any sort; he is a *conteur*, an *anecdotier;* but his *contes*, his *anecdotes*, are not of an ordinary kind, his actors are often the most celebrated men or women of his time, his *bons mots* are the essence of the witticism of the sixteenth century. He shows us the inside, so to speak, of history, brings us into familiarity with kings, queens, warriors, with the leaders of factions; he takes us from the Protestant camps to the Catholic, from France to Italy; he is universal and eclectic in a most uncommon degree, for he is essentially a sceptic, a fatalist, and an epicurean.

The family name of Brantôme was Bourdeille. His father, François de Bourdeille, second baron of that name, had six children. Brantôme was born between 1539 and 1542—we cannot fix the date exactly. He spent his youth at the Court of the Queen of Navarre, where he was taken by his grandmother, the Sénéchale of Poitou. He was sent to Paris and to Poitiers to pursue his studies, but he never knew Latin very well; he tells us boldly that there was nobody who, having read the letters of Margaret of Valois, "would not laugh at Cicero and his Familiar Letters." His education ended, he made a journey to Italy, the money for it being given to him by Henri II., who allowed him to cut wood in the royal forest of Saint-Yrieix. (The kings were very prodigal of this sort of gratification, though it ruined their domain, as it dispensed them from applying to the Treasury, which was always more or less in difficulties. The Venetian Ambassadors remarked that, in consequence of this, wood was nearly as dear in France as in Venice.) Italy was almost a second home at that time for all Frenchmen. The struggles between the emperors and the kings of France had familarized all Frenchmen with Northern Italy and with Rome. Brantôme crossed the Alps by the Grisons, the road ordinarily taken after the wars; he travelled in Northern Italy for a whole year, curious only of what related to war or to pleasure, entirely indifferent to works of art. He is a little astonished only at Rome, seeing "these proud antiquities, the ruins of these fine palaces, of these superb coliseums and baths which still show what they have been, and strike admiration and terror in all." He becomes much more fluent when he speaks of the courtesans of Rome, Venice, and Florence, famous for their wealth, their beauty, their culture; the Italian predecessors of the French Marion Delorme and Ninon de l'Enclos. Many of the stories, ancedotes, *bons mots*, which he collected in their company found their place in the second volume of the 'Diaries.' He notes also with care all the stories of duels, as he was himself a very good swordsman, and duelling was all the fashion in Italy as well as in France.

On his return, after a brief sojourn in Périgord, Brantôme went to Court, where he stayed some time. He attached himself more and more to the house of Guise, and particularly to the Duke François, whose increasing power was becoming every day more threatening to the royal authority. After the death of Francis II., the young Charles IX. found himself almost alone, and his Court was nearly abandoned. Brantôme was in the suite of François de Lorraine, the *grand prieur*, who accompanied the widow of Francis II., Marie Stuart, to Edinburgh; and he has given us a touching account of the journey of the unfortunate young Queen. He returned to France with the Grand Prior and stopped with him for a little time in London at the Court of Elizabeth. She gave in honor of the French gentlemen a ballet "of her ladies, representing the wise and foolish virgins, some having their lamps lighted, the others having neither oil nor fire and asking for it. These lamps were of silver, nicely made and adorned, and the ladies were handsome and well taught, and took us Frenchmen to dance with them. Even the Queen danced, with much grace and royal majesty, for she was then in great beauty and full grace." Soon after his return, began the first civil war. Brantôme was in the royal army, and took part in the battle of Dreux. His recollections of that famous battle are, as is usual with him, dispersed in his various "Discours," and many of them have much interest.

Brantôme soon lost his two chief patrons, the Duke de Guise, who was killed before Orléans, and his brother, the Grand Prior, who died from a cold which he had contracted on the evening of the battle of Dreux. He was of an adventurous disposition, and we see him preparing a naval expedition against Morocco, which ended merely in a journey to Portugal and to Spain; he prided himself on speaking the purest Castilian as well as French. He returned by way of Bayonne, where he found the Court, Queen Catherine, and the Duke d'Anjou, brother of the young King. Brantôme has a number of stories to tell of the meeting of the French and Spanish courts, which took place there on the occasion of the marriage of the King. Still pursued by his love of adventures, he goes, after the fêtes of Bayonne, to Malta with some French gentlemen who had offered their services to the Grand Prior of Malta. He was tempted a moment to enlist among the Knights of Malta, who were thinking at the time of making an expedition for the liberation of Greece; his friend Strozzi prevented him from taking this resolution, and he returned to France, always hoping to make a great fortune at Court. Strozzi, who, since his exile from Florence, had made himself very important in France, prevented him also from entering the Spanish service. Strozzi was himself thinking then of a great expedition towards "the isles of Peru"; Coligny was speaking to Strozzi of an expedition to Flanders. All these schemes were interrupted by another civil war.

Brantôme was with the young King Charles IX. on the day of the retreat from Meaux to Paris, when the King was protected by the Swiss troops. He took part also in the battle of Saint-Denis. Strozzi had given him a company, but, after the peace, Brantôme, who did not like garrison life, resigned. He became very intimate with young Théligny, an ardent Huguenot, who married the daughter of Coligny. The chapter of M. Lalanne's work entitled "Brantôme Protestant" seems very conclusive. M. Lalanne gives us a sonnet, addressed by Brantôme to Théligny, which is a real profession of faith. How long did this fervor last? It is difficult to say. Brantôme had not the spirit of an apostle or a martyr, but he could have said what Crillon said once to Henri IV.: "I was a Huguenot only twenty-four hours, but I still always feel some little reminder of it." There is no trace of intolerance or fanaticism in Brantôme. It must be said also that he was a genuine admirer of rank and birth, and the Protestant leaders belonged to the highest nobility of France. Such men as Coligny and his brothers, as the Princes of Condé, as the King of Navarre, had a natural hold on his sympathies; he had, however, to take sides again when the third civil war began. Strozzi again gave him one of his companies, and he found himself on the royal side.

Brantôme witnessed the defeat of the Huguenots at Jarnac, and tells us how he saw the body of the Prince de Condé, who, when already wounded and lying on the ground, had been shot by the Baron de Montesquiou, lying in a room under that in which slept his mortal enemy the Duke d'Anjou. Two years before he had seen Condé made prisoner at the battle of Dreux. He does not conceal the fact that he was himself a great friend of the assassin of the Prince, the Baron de Montesquiou, who, he says, was "bon homme avec cela," and whom, eight months before, he had saved from drowning in the Seine. Civil wars make men more cruel than common wars. Brantôme speaks of another friend of his, who was killed a short time afterwards, at the siege of Mussidan, in Périgord, the Count de Brissac. "When he was young he was surnamed the Pigeon." "This worthy Brissac, so mild in appearance, with his soft, delicate, and feminine face, was too cruel in war, too prone to fight and to kill." After Jarnac, Brantôme became ill and had to return to Périgord. He was at Brouage with Strozzi when he heard of the horrors of Saint-Bartholomew. Notwithstanding his affection for Charles IX., he does not extenuate this "horrible massacre in which the King soiled his hands." We find him at the siege of La Rochelle with Strozzi and the Duke d'Anjou;

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the siege was long, and Brantôme gives us all its details.

His military career ended in 1574. Kept near the King by his office of gentleman of the bedchamber, we see him following the Court in all its journeys, chiefly occupied with its love affairs, rivalries, and duels. He hoped to be named Seneschal of Périgord on the death of his eldest brother; the King had promised him this high office, but it was given to his nephew, in favor of whom the uncle had resigned it. Brantôme was very angry with the King, and threw in the river the gilt key of the King's chamber. "I enter his room no more; I abhor him, and swear that I will never enter it again; but I still frequent the Court, going to the Queen's room." One day, as he was trying a horse, he had a bad fall, and he had to remain for four years in bed. It was during this long and forced repose that he amused himself by writing his valuable souvenirs, which have made us almost familiar with the Court of the Valois and of Catherine de Médicis, with the manners of a time when courage and immorality went together, when the highest artistic culture, the greatest refinement of manners, were not incompatible with coarseness, brutality, and cruelty. Marguerite de Navarre dedicated to him her curious "Memoirs": "This work in a few days will go to you as a young bear, to be licked into shape. . . . It is a history worthy to be well written by a cavalier, a true Frenchman, born of an illustrious house, brought up by the kings my father and brother, friend of the most *galantes et honnestes* ladies of our time, among whom I have had the happiness to be numbered." Brantôme received this dedication in Périgord, where he spent his last years building a great castle, which he saw finished a short time before his death, on the 5th of July, 1614.

Correspondence.

THE NEW SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As one of the many thousand Southern voters who at the recent election cast their first Republican ballot, I wish to express my grateful appreciation and hearty endorsement of the patriotic editorial that appeared in this week's *Nation* on the folly of any measure approaching a "force bill." Such an act would be in the nature of a public calamity. For while it is unfortunately true that there are glaring election frauds perpetrated each year in many Southern States, such crimes have never before been so fearlessly condemned as they are to-day by the enlightened representatives of public opinion in the South. The rascals, moreover, who resort to these practices, were never before called upon to count out the votes of a large number of intelligent men. What federal soldiers and federal marshals alike failed to accomplish, has been brought about through the operation of economic laws and a "let-alone" policy on the part of the national Government. The "Solid South" is at last dissolved, but no surer means could be employed to effect a crystallization of its fragments than even a threat to invoke the aid of national legislation to cure the evils growing out of a corrupt ballot.

In addition to the non-interference by the Government at Washington with the elections in the South, another great cause of the rapid disintegration of the old political order of things has been the economic revolution which has been going on in the old slaveholding States for a decade or more. The extension of railways, the opening of new mines, the construction of new factories and mills, and a thousand and one other agencies of modern civilization have hastened the growth of municipalities, and given a serious blow to the industrial and political ascendency of the agricultural classes. At the same time, a diversity of employments and interests has caused the growth of broader sympathies and widened the horizon of the Southern people considerably. Therefore all friends of the colored man, of the white man, of the South, and of the whole country must view with regret and alarm any indication on the part of the next Administration to return to that policy which once threatened to make of the Southern States a sort of Ireland. Especially would it be regretted at this particular time when the whole trend of events and circumstances is in the direction of a healthier division of both races in politics, and a growing sense of indignation regarding election frauds.

B. J. Ramage.

University of the South,
Sewanee, Tenn., December 5, 1896.

TRIMMING THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter to the Boston *Herald* of November 30, Mr. Charles R. Saunders points out a method by which the more populous States may be accorded their due weight in the electoral college, without attempting any constitutional changes, such as reducing the number of Senators from the sparsely populated Western States. Mr. Saunders's plan consists in simply increasing the membership of the House of Representatives by reducing to 150,000 the number of citizens necessary to constitute a Congressional district. This would give a House of 500 members, and an electoral college of 590 members, and would restore to the more populous States their proper weight in choosing a President. It is pointed out that Massachusetts, for example, would be entitled to nearly four times as many members as at present, estimated upon the basis of representation in Nevada, which has one Representative for 45 000 people, while Massachusetts has one for each 173,000, but the ratio of 1 to 150,000 would very appreciably mitigate the evil, and would still keep the membership of the House down to a manageable number. This may not be a new scheme, but it seems to be a comparatively simple method of overcoming what all must feel to be an unjust apportionment of power.

Yours very truly,
March G. Bennett.

Boston, December 7, 1896.

ENGLISH AND THE HIGH SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The defective preparation of college freshmen in elementary English is owing to the fact that most of the high schools have undertaken the work of "fitting boys for the active duties of life." (I quote these words from an advertisement of one of the leading schools in this State.) Every preparatory school has its fine curriculum and corps of professors. What we really need is a preparatory school to prepare students for the high school. The present system of preparatory schools has drifted upwards towards the college, and has got beyond its primitive idea. Like a good many other things in our social fabric, it needs to recur to first principles.

Francis D. Winston.

Windsor, N. C., December 7, 1896.

THE TEACHERS OF ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The instruction of children is a business, and the conditions and requirements for success vary in no respect from those which enter into any business. In a general way these requirements are sufficient capital, and a devoted attention to the business by persons of adequate experience and acquaintance therewith. So far as teaching is concerned, these conditions are very inadequately complied with at the present day. It is unreasonable to ask of children to display greater attainments than are possessed by their instructors. It is impossible, of course, to obtain competent instructors without paying the market price in the way of salaries. Has it occurred to your correspondents who have discussed this question so interestingly, that very few of the thousands of teachers would be able to make a respectable showing in those same examinations in English which are the reason of this severe criticism of their pupils? It seems useless to urge the need of better teaching in the primary or secondary schools under these circumstances. Until our teachers are able to know and use the English language properly, we can hardly expect such knowledge and use from their pupils. Whether it is possible to induce the employment of adequate capital to secure these results, is a question I am unable to answer. Yours very truly,

John J. Jennings.

Bristol, Conn., December 10, 1896.

"FLASKISABLE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Rev. Professor Skeat, in his 'Student's Pastime,' reproducing what he wrote in 1891, remarks that

"This curious word is given neither in *Strattmann* nor in *Halliwell*. It occurs at least twice in Lydgate's *Siege of Troye*. . . . It is clear that the sense is 'variable, changeable, or inconstant.'"

Would it not seem, from this, as if the learned Professor claimed to have first unearthed and defined the expression?

In my monograph entitled 'On English Adjectives in -able,' published in 1877, I give, on pp. 190, 191, two passages from Lydgate's *Tragedies*, generally cited as *Bochas*, wherein appears *flaskisable*, which I there explain by "variable, inconstant, fickle."

Adventuring into a province which I rarely visit, I also append to my quotations what follows, involving a mistaken etymology:

"The primary base of *flaskisable* I saw to be an archaic form of *flash*; *flasked* being found in *The Ancren Riwle*. But, that either the rhematic termination *-ize*, or the substantival termination *-ise*, . . . was added to *flask*, towards arriving at *flaskisable*, seemed to me a view quite untenable."

As regards *flasked*, literally *vlasketh*, in *The Ancren Riwle*, since the verb *flasken* is from the Old French *flasquer*, 'splash,' my citation of it was wholly beside the mark. This is parenthetic.

I then go on to say:

"Having submitted the word in question to a very eminent philologist, the Rev. Mr. Skeat, I am enabled to give its true analysis. Mr. Skeat regards *flaskise* as alternative with

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flaskish,—as the spelling might have been,—a verb; and he connects *flask* with *flick* and *flicker*, and with the provincial *flasker*, *flacker*, and *flisk*. Going farther afield, he points to the Swedish *flaksa*. 'volitare,' and to the Icelandic *flaka*. *Flask*, 'flash,' is, then, a mere metathesis of *flaks-*, a stem of Scandinavian origin."

All this, so far as it bears on the source of *flaskisable*, is now tacitly unsaid; Prof. Skeat's present supposition, the probability of which is hardly likely to be questioned, being that the word is "a mere variant of O. F. *flechisable*, the O. F. equivalent of our *flexible*, from *flechir*, to bend."

Since the study of bygone English—of the works in which but comparatively few are accompanied with glossaries, while very many of them still await philological exploration and exploitation—is now industriously pursued in the United States, it would be of interest to know whether any of our scholars has come upon *flaskissen*, *flaskise*, or the like, as a variant of *flecchen*, anciently adapted from *flechir*. F. H.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, November 28, 1896.

Notes.

HENRY HOLT & CO. are soon to publish 'A Reader in Scientific German,' by Profs. Brandt of Hamilton and Day of Swarthmore; and 'The Outlines of Electricity and Magnetism,' by Prof. Chas. A. Perkins of the University of Tennessee.

Miss Isabel F. Hapgood has undertaken, at the request of the author, a translation of Coubertin's 'L'Évolution Française sous la Troisième République.' The work will be published shortly by T. Y. Crowell & Co., who have also in press a volume of lectures by Prof. William P. Trent, of the University of the South, on Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Toombs, and Jefferson Davis, in their "Library of Economics and Politics."

The Universalist Publishing House, Boston, has nearly ready a 'Life of Alonzo Ames Miner, S.T.D., LL.D.,' by George H. Emerson, D.D., with a large number of pertinent illustrations.

We are in receipt of advance sheets of the second volume of Mr. George Haven Putnam's 'Books and their Makers During the Middle Ages,' completing the work, with an itemized index. We must return to it later, but its table of contents bespeaks matter of great interest, and especial value attaches to the subjects of the closing chapters, viz., on privileges, censorship, and legislation in Italy, Germany, France, and England, and the development of the conception of literary property.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the first uniform edition of Rudyard Kipling's Works, to contain several stories not before collected, in twelve volumes. For collectors there will be a special American edition, consisting of 200 numbered copies, manufactured by the De Vinne Press on Japan hand-made paper with an R. K. water-mark; and Mr. Kipling will sign the photogravure frontispiece to volume one, while his father supplies some thirty or forty illustrations modelled in clay for copying.

From the same publishers we have received 'France under Louis XIV.: its Arts, its Ideas,' from the French of Émile Bourgeois, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. This fine gift-book is a quarto, full of entertainment for those who are familiar with the age of which it treats, and full of instruction for those who are not. The entertainment and the instruction will come chiefly from the illustrations, of which there are more than five hundred, and of which the subjects, for the most part, are extremely well chosen. The text is written with intelligence and ability, but it is scarcely intended, of course, to be much more than a frame for the pictures. The twenty-two full-page portraits on copper are the most agreeable part of the work. The thirty-four other full page prints are half-tones. The countless illustrations in the text are of the kind we are used to nowadays, the kind that are more suggestive to the mind than pleasing to the eye; that take the place, and only that, of a written description. But one would be willing to exchange for a written description those of them reduced or repeated from prints containing "legends" (as important as anything else in the design), when from the quality of the reproduction the "legends" are illegible. The imperfections of the volume, however, belong to its class: its excellences are its own, and will not be overlooked by holiday givers or receivers.

Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement's 'The Eternal City: Rome—its Religions, Monuments, Literature, and Art' (Boston: Estes & Lauriat), makes a couple of pretty volumes, handsomely bound and printed, and illustrated with many cuts and with thirty photogravures. The compiler (for she is little more) contributes, in a pleasing, conversational style, the results of her reading in some of the standard works on the subject. In the first volume, for instance, we note little that is not to be found in Lanciani's two books on Rome, or in the latest edition of Middleton's well-known work. From this last, indeed, three maps have been reproduced and printed without the slightest acknowledgment, while anybody who wants to know what Mrs. Clement owes to Lanciani has only to compare her accounts of the tombs of Minicia Marcella and Crepereia Tryphæna with his. In these two passages, which are practically paraphrases of Lanciani, she gives him not a word of credit, although his name frequently occurs in other parts of the book. But if Mrs. Clement had written a preface, she would probably have disclaimed much if any first-hand knowledge about ancient Rome; and one who can write of "the god Fascinum," or describe the *Taurobolium* in a context which might lead the uninformed reader to think that this Asiatic rite was practised in republican Rome, had perhaps better not meddle with such matters at all. It seems doubtful, too, whether Mrs. Clement knew just what pictures were to be used in the illustration of her book. The sources of the cuts are seldom given, the cuts themselves are sometimes of doubtful authenticity, and they are rarely, if ever, referred to in the text; occasionally they are not in accordance with the text. For instance, we are shown four so-called Vestals, but without the fillets which Mrs. Clement tells us were found on the head in the portrait of every Vestal virgin. On the whole, the book is of no interest to scholars, and even as a popular work it should be recommended only with caution.

Mr. William Winter reissues his pleasant 'Gray Days and Gold' (Macmillan) in a larger edition, slightly amplified and corrected, and copiously illustrated. The attempt to improve upon the beauty of the small pocket edition is, unfortunately, unsuccessful. The cover of the new book is weak, the paper indifferent, and the page but poorly proportioned. Some of the illustrations are well chosen—notably the full-page photogravures, and the drawings, after recent photographs, of architectural subjects; but all the numerous portraits, and many of the landscapes, are so poor, in both drawing and engraving, that the book were far better without them.

An edition of Irving's 'Alhambra' not bearing the imprint of the Putnams admonishes us of the lapse of time, to which copyrights must succumb. This ornately gilded volume of Macmillan's has for its distinction a large number of designs by Mr. Pennell, mostly pen-drawings, sometimes pretty unsubstantial, memoranda rather than studies. Mrs. Pennell speaks, in the introduction, of the work itself, recalling Irving's reëlaboration of it in 1857, and remarking its permanent success as a guide-book on Spanish soil.

Shall we discern a plot to undermine the traffic in "first editions" in the series of reprints called "The Temple Classics" just begun by J. M. Dent & Co. (New York: Macmillan)? The initial volumes are Wordsworth's 'Prelude,' following the first edition of 1850, and Southey's 'Nelson,' after the first edition of 1813. The general editor is Mr. Israel Gollancz, whose "Temple Shakspere" has won him a proper regard in this capacity. To each volume he supplies a bibliographical note; to the Nelson also a Table of Events, and to the Wordsworth a Table of Dates illustrative of the poem. To say that this series is handy and tasteful is superfluous.

The "Thistle Edition" of Mr. Barrie's novels (Scribners) proceeds with 'Sentimental Tommy,' vol. i., and 'The Little Minister,' vol. ii. It gives a fresh pleasure to the eye to rest on the noble typography of these volumes, whose beauty is otherwise also exceptional.

A plentiful show of daggers on the cover has been deemed appropriate to the translation of one of Alexandre Dumas's potboilers, 'Celebrated Crimes,' condensed by expurgation and otherwise into three volumes (Boston: Joseph Knight Co.). A few portrait and fancy illustrations have been introduced to heighten the festive appearance of these not unhandsome volumes.

Copeland & Day, Boston, continue their series of English Love Sonnets with a third volume, being Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' in the archaic style already adopted. We could praise this reversion without reserve but for the needless confusion of verse with prose involved in not indenting broken lines; and the early editions of Petrarch put to shame the here unalphabetized table of first lines. Mr. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue's initials and borders in arabesque are well devised. In a special set of fifty impressions the initials have been rubricated.

Mr. Sydney Lear's 'Five Minutes: Daily Readings of Poetry' (Thomas Whittaker) well deserved a new edition. It is an exceptionally high and unhackneyed selection of verse, which one may take in small doses as suggested by the title, or browse in more freely. It has the calendar arrangement, and an index of first lines, and is altogether a book to be recommended.

The concluding volume (vi.) of the new edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" (Scribners), edited by Arthur Waugh, gives the picture of Johnson in the possession of Mrs. Kay and Miss Drummond for frontispiece, and has besides heads of Thomson, Collins, Young, and Gray. In convenience and good workmanship the edition has just title to favor.

Mr. Charles Morris's 'Half-Hours of Travel

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at Home and Abroad' (Lippincott) is contained in four volumes given to the four quarters of the globe. In these severally no particular order is observed, and there is no critical selection of authors quoted from, but the best will be found mixed with the newspaper and magazine tourist. Care has not been taken to fix the date of each excerpt, and all the writers do not appear in the index—*e. g.*, Sir Francis Head, p. 422 of volume i. Mr. Morris condenses at pleasure, and frequently summarizes the omitted parts. He also generally has a few words about the author. Half a dozen illustrations adorn each volume. One cannot deny a certain readability and interest in this compilation, but it could have been better done.

An unpretentious tribute to a writer of wide and deserved popularity is Elizabeth S. Tucker's 'Leaves from Juliana Horatia Ewing's "Canada Home"' (Roberts Bros.). Mrs. Ewing spent three years, 1867-69, at Fredericton, N. B., where her husband was stationed, and this volume is an account of her life there, as recorded partly from observation and tradition, and partly in Mrs. Ewing's bright and ingenuous home letters. Altogether the picture of this slight, girlish, golden-haired woman, her happy-go-lucky housekeeping, her love of dogs and of nature, her botanizing and her sketching, her snow-shoeing and canoeing, is delightful, and will win afresh the hearts of her numerous admirers. The volume is attractively illustrated with photographs and pen-and-ink drawings, and with several facsimiles of Mrs. Ewing's ineffectual attempts to copy the strange coloring of sky and woods in her temporary home.

By way of sub-title, Mr. Frank Samuel Child styles his 'Colonial Parson of New England' (Baker & Taylor Co.) "A Picture." For the broad sketch, however, which he has made, his method is too timid to give an interesting result. Mr. Brooks Adams once painted the same portrait with such vindictive attention to the sitter's ugly traits that, while he made the picture interesting enough, in all conscience, it was a libel almost indictable. Mr. Child, on the other hand, approaches the clergy in the spirit with which a Massachusetts housewife poured syrup in her pastor's coffee, despite his protest, saying, "Clear molasses is none too good for Mr. Russell."

Mrs. Baxter tells in her 'In Bamboo Lands' (Merriam Co.) a plain, undecorated tale of her tourist experiences in Japan, with accuracy in her geographical and historical names that is highly commendable. While her story is that of a traveller in beaten tracks, her abundant and judiciously selected illustrations show cultivated taste and fine judgment. The book is handsomely bound and printed, and there are many things which only a woman would be likely to notice and describe as they deserve to be set forth. She affords us a good glimpse into contemporaneous social life at the ports and capital of Japan.

Nothing but praise is due to the editor of 'Shakspere's Holinshed,' Mr. Boswell-Stone, and to his publishers (Longmans). The book is intelligent in plan and uncommonly painstaking and skilful in the execution. Those portions of Holinshed's 'Chronicle' which Shakspere used in his historical plays (including "Lear," "Macbeth," and "Cymbeline") are brought together in a handsome, well-printed volume, and every device of references, side-notes, headings, etc., is utilized to facilitate comparison with the dramas. The foot-notes contain a number of interesting suggestions on matters of detail, and furnish a host of references to contemporary chroniclers and records by way of correcting or supplementing Holinshed's statements. To students of Shakspere the work may fairly be described as indispensable; historical students will find it convenient, and the reader for pleasure will find much to entertain him. It is a genuine pleasure to register the appearance of so sensible and useful a book.

'The Eye and its Care,' by Frank Allport, M.D. (Lippincott), is a popular—that is, not a professional—book, true in fact, but diffuse in statement. Its most useful feature is a scheme (pp. 163 4) for the innocent preliminary examination of school-children's sight, to be followed in suspected cases by skilled inquiry. A large proportion of school-children are handicapped in their earlier years by unrecognized infirmities of sight and hearing which should cause them to be put into special classes.

The bound fifth volume of the *Land of Sunshine* is before us, and it is cheering to read in the last number the editorial assurance of the established prosperity of this illustrated magazine, with its widespread constituency, its lively independence, and its genuine learning. The editor, Mr. C. F. Lummis, is his own best contributor, and his series of articles on the Southwestern Wonderland is a distinct challenge to the tourist to match in Europe the New Mexican inscribed castellated cliff, El Morro, "the most imposing autograph album in existence"; the greatest natural bridge; Acoma, etc. Mr. Lummis has well prepared his readers for a project of publishing next year, in short instalments, critical translations of some of the original sources on the Southwest, not before accessible to the student commanding no other than his English tongue, with facsimiles. These, we dare say, will be so composed as to furnish ultimately a book without the cost of resetting.

No one can complain of the quantity of illustrations in the 'American Annual of Photography' for 1897 (Scovill & Adams Co.). The letterpress shows the customary want of training in the art of grammatical expression on the part of many of the contributors, and conveys no very novel or striking information. Two or three process color prints indicate little progress in this once promising art.

'Minerva: Jahrbuch der Gelehrten Welt' (Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) presents in its seventh volume the constitution and personnel of the learned institutions of the world for the academic year 1896-'97. The editor, Karl Trübner, has to deplore the loss of the projector and hitherto chief editor of this indispensable work, the late Dr. R. Kukula, but pursues his course with a notable extension of the scheme to museums of natural science and archæology and learned societies. Another year will be needed to put this department fairly on its feet, though already a hundred pages have been added to the total bulk of *Minerva*, while the index, or *Personal-register*, is enlarged by but three. The frontispiece is an etched portrait of Prof. Goeje of Leyden.

—A paragraph which has begun the rounds of the daily newspapers indicates that a question is to be raised with Canada regarding the boundary line between Minnesota and Manitoba, in the chain of lakes between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods. The proposed contention is to the effect that the international boundary should follow the line of water communication to the *north* of Hunter Island instead of to the *south*. The area of land which would thus be placed in dispute may be estimated at approximately 500 square miles. Before entering into any such contention it would be well for those proposing it to examine into the merits of the case, since it is obviously inadvisable to raise the question unless there is ground for a difference of opinion. This portion of the boundary line was agreed upon and located by the Webster-Ashburton treaty in 1842. Regarding it the treaty reads: ". . . to the mouth of Pigeon River, and up the said river to and through the North and South Fowl Lakes to the lakes of the height of land between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods; thence along the water communication to Lake Saisaginaga and through that lake; thence to and through Cypress Lake, Lac du Bois Blanc, Lac la Croix, Little Vermilion Lake, and Lake Namecan, and through the several smaller lakes, straits, or streams connecting the lakes here mentioned to that point in Lac la Pluie, or Rainy Lake, at the Chaudière Falls." This portion of the boundary was surveyed and mapped by commissioners under the treaty, but the corresponding part of their map was never published. The manuscript sheets are understood to be in the custody of the State Department at Washington. Of the lakes mentioned in the above quotation from the treaty, however, two, viz., Cypress Lake and Lac du Bois Blanc, lie *south* of Hunter Island, and are located and named upon many maps. They will be found upon the map accompanying Nicollet's expedition of 1841, and that of Hind, the Canadian explorer, in 1857, as well as many of modern date. This fact in itself settles beyond peradventure the location of the boundary under the Webster-Ashburton treaty.

—Among the marked events at the Odéon in Paris during the month of November just passed have been performances in French of the "Persæ" of Æschylus and of the "Philoctetes" of Sophocles. Neither play would suggest itself as notably interesting from the point of view of modern stage representation, nor can it be said that the Parisians found a vast deal of interest in either. Of the two, the "Philoctetes" proved far less attractive, however. The performances of the "Persæ" drew crowded houses, and, surprising as it may seem to those familiar with the play, its dramatization of the woes of the house of Xerxes was greatly appreciated by large and somewhat miscellaneous audiences. This result was achieved in spite of an extremely unfortunate stage setting, in which the tomb of Darius, that should occupy the centre of the stage, showed many of the outward signs of a small tool house near the palace of Xerxes. As for the ghost of Darius, it "materialized" vaguely in front of the palace. The choral parts, forming the bulk of the play, were boldly but on the whole effectively dealt with, and in them the interest of the performance centred. Such music as there was came entirely from the orchestra, and cannot be said to have been invariably congruous in its effect. The surprising fact remains that the "Persæ" was made tolerably interesting to a modern audience of theatre-goers.

—To this result there is no doubt that the introductory discourse by the distinguished lady explorer, Mme. Jane Dieulafoy, substantially contributed. Just a shade of dis-

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appointment was felt by her hearers when they found her entering into a somewhat elaborate discussion of the literary merits of the play. When Mme. Dieulafoy criticised Æschylus for making Queen *Atossa* disappear before *Xerxes* arrived despairing, defeated, and in rags, and accounted for it by the fact that the same actor had to take the two parts, she was certainly out of the range of Æschylean thought. A scene where *Atossa* should have comforted her son *Xerxes* could hardly have entered into Æschylus's plan, although Mme. Dieulafoy, borrowing Sarcey's well-known phrase, declared "c'était la scène à faire." A malicious on-looker might have insinuated that such a criticism of Æschylus's "Vision of the Judgment of Xerxes" was far too ladylike to be sound. However that may be, Mme. Dieulafoy justified the enthusiasm felt for her intrepid and romantic career in Persia by a few eloquent and striking sentences, in which she described the landscape of her predilection, the long blue line of far-off mountains visible from those royal habitations which her labors have unearthed, and gave a graphic picture of the gorgeous state which Xerxes resumed after his ill-starred invasion of Greece. Perhaps it was the manly garb which Mme. Dieulafoy, authorized by legal warrant, has chosen to adopt, and was wearing as she spoke, that led here in closing to pray that some Æschylus of France might at some future day have for his theme in song "the disaster and the confusion of our enemies." At all events, this was her peroration, which, needless to say, was greeted with rounds of applause, and lent to the play which followed an interest that some may incline to think unduly modern.

—The self-devotion, the intrigues, and the martyrdom of the Catholic missionary priests in England under Elizabeth and James I. have attracted much attention of recent years, and numerous documents have been published throwing light on the dark places of their history. Not the least important contribution to the elucidation of the subject is contained in the latest volume of the Camden Society's publications, entitled 'The Archpriest Controversy,' consisting of papers from the Petyt MSS, edited by Mr. Thomas Graves Law, with an introduction in which his well-known familiarity with the subject enables the reader to grasp the full purport of the documents. The missionaries, who risked liberty and sometimes life in their effort to win back their native land to the Roman obedience, were by no means harmonious. The secular priests among them were mostly loyal subjects, caring only for the souls of their fellow-creatures. The Jesuits were firebrands, deep in the political plots which culminated in the execution of Mary Queen of Scots and the Armada, and led to the Gunpowder Plot. After the death of Cardinal Allen, the two factions became openly hostile; the Jesuits had the ascendancy in Rome, and in 1598 procured the appointment of Blackwell, a secular priest well affected to them, as "Archpriest," with supreme power over the English priests, which he was to exercise in accordance with the advice of the Jesuit superior in England. The seculars were outraged at this, and a violent controversy arose, in which Blackwell used his authority oppressively to silence his adversaries, whose only resource was repeated and, for the most part, fruitless appeals to Rome.

—To the modern reader the most interesting feature of the contention is the fact that Elizabeth's Government, which at first classed all the missionary priests as enemies, came at last to recognize the distinction between the factions, and, while employing without scruple the sternest measures of repression against the plotters of treason, entered secretly into communication with the anti-Blackwell party and was disposed to aid it. In 1601, Bluet, one of the leading seculars, had audience with the Queen and Privy Council, and, at his suggestion, four of the imprisoned priests were banished in order to enable them to go to Rome with an appeal to the Pope, and in 1602 these envoys were encouraged on learning that the French ambassador had a message from Elizabeth, thanking him for his efforts in their behalf. Perhaps the most interesting paper in this volume is one ascribed by the editor to Bancroft, Bishop of London, showing his thorough acquaintance with all the details of the controversy, probably furnished to him by Bluet and Bagshaw, another leader of the seculars. The whole affair would seem to justify the assertion, so vigorously made by Lord Burghley, that the persecution of the missionary priests was wholly political and not religious. Mr. Law promises us another volume of these papers, which will be looked for with interest by all students of the tangled politics of the time.

—The general plan and character of M. Salomon Reinach's 'Chroniques d'Orient' (Paris: Ernest Leroux) is quite familiar to most students of archæology. Like its predecessor, the volume, which forms the second series (1891-'95), is a monument of enormous labor, which might have been simply the collection of a syndicate of industrious chiffoniers, armed with scissors. In reality, it is a work alive and penetrated in every paragraph with the wit, the trained taste, the wide experience, and the sound judgment of a single man. Many a paragraph, moreover, sums up or characterizes in a few lines a treatise or a book. Chronicles, as a rule, have a special dispensation from literary quality, yet M. Reinach declines to avail himself of this privilege. While speaking what he thinks with the most fascinating candor, and calling "un chat un chat" with complete independence, his précis are sprinkled everywhere with grains of good sense and of Gallic salt, which are as wholesome as they are sparkling and piquant. His work is far from being that of a mere compiler. He has thrown out original ideas and made discoveries of decided merit. We are glad to see republished as appendices the essays entitled "Les Déesses nues dans l'art oriental et dans l'art grec" and "Le Mirage oriental," the former of which has since received confirmation by the addition of links at each end of the chain of evidence; while the searching and masterly argument of the latter has been reinforced most unexpectedly by the discoveries of Mr. Arthur Evans.

—M. Reinach complains wittily of the long-windedness of archæologists ("Est ce que le *Rheinisches Museum* refuse les articles courts?") and of their tendency to commit "literary infanticide" by burying their productions in obscure periodicals. There is another vice which he denounces—and most scholars will agree with him from the bottom of their heart and of their purses—the practice of publishing their researches in luxurious folios at extravagant prices. M. Reinach does more than preach against this sin; he proposes to set a good example. He will issue very shortly a collection of statues and another of vases, profusely illustrated, at one dollar per volume. The title of the former work is 'Un Répertoire de la statuaire grecque et romaine.' It will appear very soon in three volumes, small octavo, the first reproducing the Clarac collection of engravings; the second, 4,000 antique statues not figured in that collection; and the third containing a text and copious index.

ANDREWS'S QUARTER-CENTURY.

The History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States, 1870-1895. By E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 390, 409, illustrated. 1896.

THIS history, although, as President Andrews tells us in his preface, it has been revised and enlarged, is still in substance the series of magazine articles which, with their rich abundance of pictorial illustrations, lately appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*. The author has sought to seize upon the more striking events which lend themselves most readily to description, by both pen and pencil, and to give us a telling series of tableaux. The quieter current of causes and effects which connect these pictures is purposely omitted or merely hinted at The gradual development of political leaders and of lines of public policy is no part of the plan. The rapidly shifting scenes introduce new men, new inventions, new situations, new conflicts and popular movements. It is something like teaching by the stereopticon, with the slightest thread of lecture to connect the views.

When we know the class of entertainment to which we are invited we shall have no cause for complaint that it is not something else, and can readily adjust ourselves for the full enjoyment of the pleasure offered us. The author tells us explicitly that we are "going upon a rapid excursion through vast tracts, with frequent use of the camera, and not upon a topographical survey." Such a plan affects the literary form of the work as well as its substance. The style is more familiar, more colloquial, becoming at times almost or quite careless. The effort to report a stirring scene sometimes betrays the writer into the rhetoric of the newspaper reporter, with his habit of pointing his descriptions of men and affairs with the sharp emphasis of current slang. We have, therefore, a somewhat free and rapid outline of events, in which the astonishing progress of the country furnishes such a succession of interesting and even startling pictures as to stir in us a new appreciation of the headlong speed with which our world is moving.

Among the earliest of the topics coming within the scope of the book is the return of the rebellious States to participation in the national Government. This is neatly characterized as a contest between the theory of "restoration" as upheld by Lincoln and Johnson, and "reconstruction" as advocated by the Congressional party of which Thaddeus Stevens was the leader. But no outward description of the plan of "reconstruction" is adequate, or even intelligible, which does not state Stevens's object and aim to preserve the ascendancy of the party in power by ruling the Southern States through the votes of the enfranchised freedmen. He was ready to go all lengths with his modern system of "thorough," and in his cynical way had little mercy for his followers who stuck at the extremest measures of disfranchisement necessary to make and keep a party majority. The second stage in the process was that in which, the education and property of the South being

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excluded from public employment and natural leadership, a saturnalia of misgovernment and plunder shocked the civilized world. President Andrews's tableau of this condition of things is strong and, in the main, just. He does not bring out the fact, however, that, in the earlier steps of the carpet-bag rule, many men of personal purity of character were working at the impossible problem, of "doing evil that good may come." The very instance of the Louisiana Returning Board of 1872 which he uses to "adorn the tale," points also "the moral" that the downward road is easy.

John Lynch, chairman of the Board, and Gen. Longstreet, who commanded the militia and ejected the McEnery Legislature, were both men of pure personal character. Longstreet, a foremost soldier of the Confederacy, had become sincerely convinced that it was a patriotic duty to accept in fullest measure the results of the war, including the enfranchisement as well as the emancipation of the slave. He accepted without flinching the loss of property, of friends, of position which followed. When self-respect and his standard of right demanded it, he retired into absolute privacy; his poverty and his proud isolation being the best proof that no corrupt motive had influenced him. Lynch was a graduate of Oberlin College, preëminently the abolitionist school of the West. When the war broke out, he was the superintendent of public schools at Circleville, Ohio, and master of the High School. Entering the army, he saw honorable service in different grades and became Major of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Ohio, a regiment which served in the Lower Mississippi campaigns. At the close of the war he bought a plantation in Louisiana, was elected to the State Senate, and, besides other public offices, was United States Surveyor-General for that region. In all these positions his honesty and integrity were marked and never questioned. Like Longstreet, he soon sought private life and left the State.

These two men sincerely believed, in 1872, that the freedman's vote was withheld by intimidation; and that, if cast, it would have carried for Kellogg as Governor all the precincts in which the census showed them to be in a decisive majority. They listened to the suggestion that, if the formal certificate were given to Kellogg, and the committees of Congress were plainly told that there was no free and fair election, a new election would be ordered under Gen. Sheridan's protection, and the opportunity for an honest polling of the legal vote be given. In pursuance of this plan, Lynch went to Washington and laid the facts before the Republican leaders with perfect candor. Speaking for himself and Longstreet and those who agreed with them in asking for the guarantee of a fair election, he declared that neither Kellogg nor McEnery ought to be installed as Governor upon such an election, and that the return of Kellogg was only a device to keep the power of correcting a wrong in the hands of a Republican Congress. Many members of Congress agreed that a new election ought to be ordered; but, after manifold delays and consultations of leaders, Lynch was referred to Senator O. P. Morton, as the mouthpiece of those in authority, and Morton informed him that it was not thought expedient to disturb the *de facto* governorship of Kellogg, based on the certificate which they of the Returning Board had issued. These significant and important facts must be added to the account given in the 'History.'

President Andrews gives the sequel in the recognition of Pinchback and Kellogg by the Administration, and their support by the troops of the United States.

"The House of Representatives," he says, "instructed its Committee on Privileges and Elections to inquire into the dispute. A report was made, February 20, 1873, which condemned federal influence. The committee found that McEnery was *de jure* entitled to the governorship, but that Kellogg, supported by the army, was *de facto* Governor. The committee recommended the passage of an act 'to secure an honest reëlection' in Louisiana. The recommendation was not adopted, and anarchy in effect followed (p. 85)."

Lynch and Longstreet and their friends found themselves pilloried in current history as the effective authors of the Kellogg Government when they had meant only to secure a new and really fair election. Their fault was in consenting, even for a good purpose, to use a device that was not in accord with the facts, and in giving the power to profit by it to those who were less scrupulous than themselves. When, however, the story of that Returning Board is told, the part of it which brings responsibility home to men in Washington ought not to be forgotten.

The next inevitable stage in the development was the full substitution of Madison Wells and his tools in the Returning Board, with Kellogg in the Governor's chair, for men of the pattern of Lynch and Longstreet. The end now aimed at was power, by whatever means and at whatever cost. Counting out the precincts necessary for this purpose was not thought to need any apology or pretext: the end to be reached was a sufficient reason. This was the scarcely disguised revolutionary method to which the "visiting statesmen" of 1876 gave the support of their presence and their acquiescence. The natural sequel came a year or two later, when, both from Louisiana and from Florida, the active perpetrators of the frauds offered themselves as witnesses before a Congressional committee to confess their perjuries and forgeries by way of vengeance upon the Hayes Administration because they had not been "provided for" as the price of their villanies. They, in fact, did that Administration a service by the evidence that such claims had not been recognized. This development of carpet-baggery into a condition of things which made decent men at the North wash their hands of the business, is adequately described only when its progressive steps are thus distinctly marked. For the sake of present readers as well as in aid of the future investigator, it is to be wished that the author had been more explicit in this part of his task.

In the treatment of the Anarchist murders of the police at Chicago, there is a pretty full quotation of Gov. Altgeld's criticism of the fairness of the trial, without any satisfactory statement of the principle upon which the prosecution is based. The omission is unfortunate. Attacks upon law and order, whether in the form of mobs or of treasonable insurrections, are all variations of conspiracies to commit a crime. The overt act being committed, the fact of the conspiracy creates a solidarity of guilt and of responsibility among all the conspirators. They all become responsible for what each may do, and the common sense of the people as well as the decision of wise judges has found it necessary and right to treat every conspirator as guilty of all that is done in pursuance of the common purpose. It is mere pettifogging to argue that they did not purpose to kill the individual policemen who fell, if there were a murderous intent which naturally resulted in the killing. The conspiracy is a fact to be shown to the satisfaction of the jury by evidence direct or circumstantial, and, being so proved, the responsibility of each conspirator follows. It has always been the effort of the teachers of sedition and the leaders in mobs and insurrections to slip their own necks out of the halter, leaving their poor dupes to bear the punishment of the acts openly committed. The subject should never be treated without emphasizing the wholesome lesson that the vigorous and righteous spirit of our immemorial law has always brushed aside such cobwebs, and held that the overt act committed gave true interpretation to the criminality of all the preceding steps, holding the leaders, as the popular common sense holds them, guilty of all that is done.

In telling the story of current events it came necessarily in President Andrews's way to touch upon matters which involve charges of fraud against political parties or their agents, or maladministration of office by high officials. In these cases the moral standard which he upholds, and his judgments of men and their conduct, are usually all that could be desired. This only makes more noticeable his apologetic treatment of those who were connected with the Crédit-Mobilier frauds. The gist of every such apology consists in arguing that the representative of a great corporation may give, and that members of Congress may receive, "advantageous opportunities for investments" in it (in short, gifts of money), without any plain violation of official duty and public and private morality, if only no measure is at the moment pending for which their votes are wanted! The statement of the proposition should be enough. When the author has occasion afterward to refer to Salmon P. Chase's good rule for a public officer, to "*be* right as well as to *seem* right, and to *seem* right as well as to *be* right," his applause of it makes one wonder how he could have failed to bring the Crédit-Mobilier affair to the same touchstone. Stupid, indeed, would be the lobby that would find itself trammelled in any degree within the lines laid down by President Andrews.

The book, as a whole, will aid the young to understand the wonderful growth of the country since the great civil war. It will help the middle-aged to recall with profit the connection and meaning of all that has passed under their own eye. It may even serve the systematic historian in fixing his own scale of treatment. In the beautiful form in which the publishers have presented it, it will amuse a leisure hour as well as adapt itself to more serious work.

AN ACRID AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Story of My Life. By Augustus J. C. Hare, author of 'Memorials of a Quiet Life,' 'The Story of Two Noble Lives,' etc., etc. 2 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1896.

To those who heretofore have had no acquaintance with Mr. Hare, except through the many volumes he has published, this last fruit of his mind will have a taste unconscionably strange. They have thought of him as the maker of some excellent literary guide-books (with others not so good) and as the pious annalist of 'Two Noble Lives' and 'Memorials of a Quiet Life.' Moreover, he has enjoyed the honors of relationship and association with the Hares of spotless reputation heretofore, Augustus and Julius; the Maurices, one of whom, Frederick's sister, married Julius Hare; and

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Dean Stanley, a near relative. What will be his readers' astonishment to find him in these volumes doing such an amount of domestic laundrying in public as has hardly been paralleled in autobiographic literature, bringing a railing accusation against many relatives and other people, and indulging in a line of anecdote and reminiscence which should commend his book particularly to the Society for Psychical Research. Voluminously as Mr. Hare has written, he has brought down his narrative only to 1870, when he had hardly crossed the threshold of his literary career. Are we to expect soon an equally voluminous treatment of the subsequent period? Or will he wait until his surviving relatives and acquaintances are dead in order that he may treat them with the same remorseless candor he has shown in dealing with those who are dead already?

Happy the man who knows the art of skipping wisely before he adventures here. With much that is very entertaining, however indiscreet or scandalous, there is much that is extremely dull—letters and journals whose publication suggests an egotism to which nothing concerning the subject is unimportant; the whinings of his infancy or the petulance of his maturer years. It would be interesting to know if we are entering on a series of biographies and autobiographies of which the terrible frankness of this and Purcell's 'Manning' and Hamerton's autobiography are notable examples. It is difficult to conceive of the motive which has prompted such an exposure of family secrets to the public eye. Can it have been to insure the sale of large editions? Such a motive would not be entirely foreign to the moral temper of the book.

There have been autobiographers, Benvenuto Cellini, Rousseau, and others, who have shown themselves up with merciless sincerity, but Mr. Hare is not a fellow of their guild. The objects of his malediction and derision are his brothers and his uncles and his aunts; but not these exclusively. Occasionally he hints a fault in his own character, but infrequently. The book is depressing and humiliating regarded as a picture of the best society which England has to show. Here are jealousies and bickerings innumerable, also conspiracies and litigations, at least every other person characterized in such a way as to make them appear morally repulsive and deformed. One seems to read between the lines that Mr. Hare's own disposition is not the happiest imaginable. Whatever it was originally, his early training was so well calculated to make it worse that he deserves the fullest credit for such work as he has done and such good qualities as he has shown. The wonder is that he was not spoiled irretrievably for any use or joy.

Mr. Hare was born March 13, 1834, to the great annoyance of his parents, and soon after he was adopted by the widow of Augustus Hare, his mother thus answering her request: "My dear Maria, how very kind of you! Yes, certainly, the baby shall be sent you as soon as he is weaned; and if any one else would like one, would you kindly recollect that we have others?" Two of ten others, brothers, Augustus hardly knew. The father was an erratic spendthrift, the companion of Count d'Orsay, much in his style, but not without strong intellectual traits which made him the friend of Landor and attracted him to serious studies. If the boy was fortunate in escaping from his charge, he was not entirely so in his new surroundings. His new mother was completely under the influence of Julius Hare and the Maurice sisters, one of whom Julius married. These sisters were "a fearful scourge" of his childhood, and "completely poisoned his life" at Hurstmonceaux. "They persuaded my mother to join in their tireless search after the motes in other people's eyes." Frederick Maurice, who came to visit them and to court a lady who was a companion of Mrs. John Sterling, he did not like much better. "He maundered over his own humility in a way which even to a child did not seem humble." The sight of his uncle Julius was terrifying from the start, and grew more so when his special function was to punish the poor sickly child. A riding-whip was used, and it was well laid on and frequently. These things and others similar do much to dim the aureole of Julius Hare, for which Carlyle showed some contempt in his Life of Sterling. His wonderful reading is remembered here as elsewhere with the greatest admiration. When the boy's father came to the rectory he did not notice his existence, thus even bettering the instruction which he received when parting with his child. "He was in the habit of calling his children by the names of beasts." Augustus was "the Wolf," his brother William "the Beast," and his sister "the Tigress." Various members of the family get a fearful setting out. Mrs. Hare Naylor "would make the most fearful tirades against people, . . . and the instant they attempted to defend themselves she took down her trumpet." Our author remembers her daughter only as "a sickly, discontented, petulant woman," who "*preferred* ill health" because of the sympathy it excited, and got up a death-bed scene once or twice every year for the delicious excitement. There were alleviations when his mother's people were visited (his mother by adoption is always meant by "my mother" after his going to her). Sundays were "far less horrid" there than at home. Loving his mother passionately, he lived in constant fear of her. She was always on the watch for undue indulgence of him on her part, and with great success. Rhubarb was regularly administered morning and evening "to strengthen the stomach," and did much to weaken it. In his sixth year, under the reign of the Maurices, he was subjected to a penitential code. The most delicious puddings were talked of, dilated on, and then, at "le grand moment," when they were set before him and his mouth was watering, he was told to get up and carry them to some poor person in the village.

Mr. Hare's school-days were not much happier than the previous dispensation. There was open war between him and Mrs. Julius Hare, whose favorite discipline was to revile his immediate family. "She was the Inquisition incarnate." There was a Mrs. Alexander, "une personne glacée autant que glaciale," who came to the rectory for three days and stayed three weeks, and next came for three weeks and stayed five years. Her rule was absolute but advantageous on the whole. Nothing here or elsewhere is omitted that is likely to make Mr. Hare's narration disagreeable for the connections of the people whom he impales in his cabinet of moral curiosities. At Harrow he was sickly and wore iron "armor" for the straightening of his spine, but, though learning nothing valuable, and always homesick for his mother, he seems to have been happier than at home. Tutors were next resorted to, the last, a Rev. Charles Bradley, recommended by Arthur Stanley. He was the only person who ever taught young Hare anything, but his system of punishment was peculiar and ended in a fearful row. Young Hare was to be kissed before the school by another boy for carelessness in his Latin prose. He fled across the tables, upsetting the inkstands in his path, and finally took Mr. Bradley in the rear with a big lexicon, banging his bald head until his strength gave out; then he made off for Harrow as if he were the hunted thing whose name he bore. He was taken back on condition that there should be no personal relations between them, and there were none till he went to Oxford in 1853, consigned to the protection of Prof. Jowett, who showed him much, and yet peculiar, kindness. While they were walking together, after a mile of silence, Jowett would say, "Your last observation was singularly commonplace." Summoned before the Council and asked, "Now, Mr. Jowett, *can* you sign the Thirty-nine Articles?" he dumfounded them with, "If you've a little ink." In general there are only kind words for Dean Stanley, but, when writing that Jowett "utterly ignored the Incarnation, Resurrection, etc., out of the pulpit as in it," Mr. Hare insinuates that Stanley would have done the same if he had had more courage. Mr. Hare's opinion of Oxford is contemptuous: "The college lectures were the merest rubbish." He reckons that fourteen years and £4,000 were wasted on his education.

His first work, after a book of epitaphs, was upon certain hand-books of Oxfordshire and Durham, and he complains that the Murrays, who urged him to undertake the second book, "never repaid him" for his work. The present Mr. Murray has proved from his books that the house paid £142 for the first book, £180 for the second, and lost on them £158 and £300 respectively; also, that the second commission was given at Mr. Hare's request. One cannot help wondering how much of such perversion, which a retort on Mr. Murray does not help, we have elsewhere under the stress of Mr. Hare's excellent opinion of himself and all his works and ways. His recollections of Landor are amusing if not wholly fresh. We have heard before of his throwing his dinner out of the window in a fit of impatience. That story of Browning's is now capped with one of Landor's seizing a pheasant by the legs and throwing it into the back of the fire. Lord Brougham, whom Mr. Hare saw frequently, is characterized as "the most disagreeable, selfish, cantankerous, violent old man who ever lived," and there is a bill of particulars. Mrs. Grote, the wife of the historian, surpasses the eccentricities and enormities of her reputation heretofore. "When George Grote and I were young," she said, "we were equally distinguished by the beauty of our persons and the vivacity of our conversation"; and in not being an opera dancer she felt that she had lost her one great opportunity. Some of the best stories repeated are Dean Alford's—one, of Archbishop Harcourt's permission by his bishops to hunt, "provided he did not shout." Of course, he said, he would not join the meet, but he "might fall in with the hounds by accident."

The Land of the Castanet: Spanish Sketches. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

On the Trail of Don Quixote. By August F. Jaccaci. Illustrated by Daniel Vierge. Scribners.

THE author of 'The Land of the Castanet' explains the lack of continuity between the chapters of his book by stating that several of

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them were written separately as magazine articles. He covers chiefly the most familiar ground—Madrid, Cordoba, Sevilla, Granada, Gibraltar—and has the courage not only to describe once more the old scenes, but to add a great deal of simplified history and broad generalization, thus making his book one for readers to whom Spain is virgin soil. While there is nothing remarkably graphic or novel in his volume, it is entertaining enough, and that it is quite up to date may be inferred from the fact that reference is repeatedly made to the vigorous expressions of Spanish opinion as to America's supposed attitude toward Cuba. The writer came across a young Spanish officer, too, who had recently witnessed a Yale-Princeton football match, and who pronounced this sport "barbarous and cruel, and totally unfit for gentlemen." This same officer was an ardent admirer of bull-fights. Socially, the difference in the points of view is thus summed up :

"The first necessities of an Anglo-Saxon are a comfortable house and a good cook ; in Spain only the very rich have either, but the display of equipages in the Retiro excels the similar show in Central Park ; the opera in Madrid is as fine a sight as the opera in New York. An Anglo-Saxon invites a stranger to dine ; a Spaniard takes him to drive or to the opera."

Mr. Chatfield Taylor appears to have a morbid dread of the personal pronoun. In narrating a personal experience he always uses "one"—"one has never seen more happy and contented faces" ; "every person present greeted one with a friendly smile" ; "the best dancing one saw in Spain" ; and so *passim*. Nothing could be more awkward and self-conscious. The author, by this oddity, obtrudes the very thing he wants to hide, like an awkward person who does not know what to do in society with his hands.

In following the trail of Don Quixote, Messrs. Jaccaci and Vierge travelled on a path unbeaten by other tourists, avoiding towns and railways as carefully as the Vagabond in Spain. And they were rewarded for their discomforts by finding a country in which the habits and customs, the speech and dress, have remained practically unchanged since the day when Cervantes wrote his vivid sketches. They found the same old windmills, looking like toys placed there by a lunatic, the same primitive methods of travel, the same huge jars of wine, the same old way of threshing that was in use in the day of the Moors and the Romans, and nearly the same inns, in which the best room cost ten cents. They found the prison in which Cervantes is believed to have written his romance ; but, with the original door closed, it is so dark that he could not have done more in it than sketch it in his mind. As in the case of Homer, half-a-dozen places still contend for the honor of having given birth to this author, who lived in neglect and misery, and whose genius was first discovered by the English.

Mr. Jaccaci found that the Spaniards of the region immortalized by 'Don Quixote' are living so far back in the past that they have to day the same popular literature that England borrowed from the peninsula during the Elizabethan period. They still read 'Don Quixote' for its drollery, and insist that, apart from that, it contains the science of the world, too deep for them. Their fiction is still that which relates the adventures of Christian chevaliers, castle dames, and Moors, while the modern novelists, Galdós and Valdés, have not made the slightest impression on the popular imagination, and are read in the cities only. Moreover, not only do the villagers of La Mancha dress like Sancho Panza, but "all Manchegans are mines of those old sayings in which the wisdom of generations is crystallized into proverbs, which, like him, they constantly use to sum up tersely a situation."

A model traveller is Mr. Jaccaci—one of the kind that views even the discomforts of a primitive region through the rosy spectacles of a searcher for local tints. What if, in July, the thermometer often creeps up above a hundred at noon, while in the morning and evening heavy jackets and mantles are needed and a brushwood fire is a friend? He finds compensation in the fact that "the furnace air is dry, full of ozone, and rich with the pungent aroma of wild mountain plants. In a delicious monotony of surroundings the hours pass, enlivened only by the songs of the whirring, bustling, leaping locusts. How true is the Spanish equivalent for our 'dog-days' —*canta la chicharra*—the song of the locusts and cicadas rejoicing in the heat, which serves but to make the silence of the solitude heard." There was diversion, too, in the sport afforded by the wild pigeons and rabbits. Nor did he find man less interesting than nature, and there are some admirable character sketches in these pages, supplementing Mr. Vierge's delightfully suggestive pictures, which are scattered in great profusion through the volume, and go far toward showing that the author was right in feeling that "the illustrations of Cervantes's immortal romance should be the crowning achievement of Vierge's career." There is something in these sketches that gives one the atmosphere of a scene as instantaneously as a Japanese picture or poem.

In the author's opinion, our notions regarding Spanish indolence are true only as regards the "classes," "but the peasants are as hard-working a people as can be found anywhere." To their frugal diet he attributes the fact that they are such healthy creatures, solid and limber, the whole body ready to spring. Among the women he still found some of the pure Arab type. They have a hard time of it, their only diversion being religion, which the men affect to scorn, at least in so far as it is embodied in priests. In their ignorance of the world the sexes are alike. They know not the difference between North and South America, and all Americans are supposed to be half-breed descendants of the great Conquistadores and the Indians. Only in one respect has this region been modernized. The author agrees with the Vagabond in Spain that travelling in Spain is now as safe as in any country, thanks to the 28,000 guardias civiles. He did, indeed, secure an order from the governor entitling him at any time to the services of some of these officials, should he wish them. But he made use of it only once or twice—not that there was any danger of brigands, in the old style, but because there are tramps in all countries, and one of these might have taken it into his head to murder the traveller for the sake of a few pesetas.

The Beginners of a Nation. By Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co. 1896. Pp. xi, 377.

MR. EGGLESTON has here given us the first instalment of an extended work on the preparation of which he has long been engaged, and whose general title is "A History of Life in the United States."

"I have sought," he says in his preface, "to trace from their source the various and often complex movements that resulted in the early English settlements in America, and in the evolution of a great nation with English speech and traditions. It has been my aim to make these pages reflect the character of the age in which the English colonies were begun, and the traits of the colonists, and to bring into relief the social, political, intellectual, and religious forces that promoted emigration. This does not pretend to be the usual account of all the events attending early colonization ; it is rather a history in which the succession of cause and effect is the main topic —a history of the dynamics of colony-planting in the first half of the seventeenth century."

Mr. Eggleston has based his work upon a first-hand study of the primary sources, detailed accounts of which are given in the form of "elucidations," or notes, at the end of each chapter.

In its fundamental conception, as well as in its handling, 'The Beginners of a Nation' is a significant illustration of the change which has taken place in the treatment of American colonial history. This change, hardly generally recognized as yet, is not so much in method as in point of view. Earlier historians, with some of recent times, have been prone to regard the events connected with the founding and development of the colonies almost exclusively from the standpoint of the colonies themselves. The historian of the present day, however, trained under those modern historical methods whose watchwords are original research and comparative study, finds his proper point of view, not in America, but in England. To him the history of the English colonies in America is for many years the history of the operation of forces whose source was in the mother country, and whose every pulsation was registered on the face of colonial life. The earlier method gave us facts in abundance, but too often with faulty proportions and incorrect emphasis; the later method, viewing the early struggles of the American colonies as a phase of the larger life of England itself, has already put some things in a clearer light and shown significance in much which hitherto has passed as mere chronicle. Mr. Eggleston has taken his stand at this modern point of view, and it is in his exposition of the social forces which prompted and directed English colonization in this country that his work, judging from this first volume, promises to be notable. The most obvious comparison, perhaps, is with Doyle's 'English in America'; but Mr. Eggleston is less insular and less hostile than Doyle, while at the same time he passes over many details which the plan of Doyle's work necessarily includes.

The present volume deals with the settlement and early history of Virginia, Maryland, and Massachusetts. The mistaken and vicious policy which for years prevented the development of Virginia, and subjected the colonists to untold privation and suffering, is set forth with great clearness. Mr. Eggleston takes issue squarely with the older writers who praise the administration of Sir Thomas Dale.

"Careful weighing of the original authorities," he says (p. 67), "shows that Dale was utterly pitiless in the cruelty of his discipline and unjust in his detention of the old planters, and that when he left the colony he was more generally execrated than any other man that ruled in these early days, not even excepting his successor, Argall. Dale's severity was serviceable in carrying the enterprise through straits, but the reports of his harshness brought the colony into disrepute and checked immigration."

This judgment, of course, will hardly be accepted by such synoptists as Lodge, who speaks of Dale's administration as "strong and wise," and of Dale himself as one "to

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whom Virginia is more indebted than to any of her early governors"; or Thwaites, who finds that Dale "induced fresh immigration of a somewhat better class," and "broadened the foundations of a prosperous state"; but these writers must at least take account of the authorities whom Mr. Eggleston adduces.

Of greater interest, however, and best illustrative of Mr. Eggleston's methods, are the portions of the volume devoted to the rise of Puritanism and Separatism, and the early years of the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies. Mr. Eggleston has thought it worth while to devote an entire chapter to the rise and development of Puritanism in England, and another to Separatism and the Scrooby Church, before treating of the migrations at all; and few persons will read these pages without feeling that the author has given them a new outlook, and that the often told story of the beginnings of New England has, in his hands, taken on new interest and a wider significance. Here, as elsewhere, it is the broad movement of events, and not details, that receives attention. To be sure, Mr. Eggleston has found himself unable "to treat otherwise than unreverently" "the founders of the little settlements that had the unexpected fortune to expand into an empire"; and, certainly, any one who has pictured the "fathers" as paragons of virtue, is likely to have his reverence pretty rudely shocked if he reads Mr. Eggleston's book. It is not, however, the careless irreverence of the mere iconoclast, but rather the frankness of a student to whom motives and actions are more than professions and words. While we cannot help wishing at times that the writer were less sarcastic, we find it hard to think that his judgments are, in the main, unjust. Even his severe treatment of Endicott is not without its illuminating element. For the efforts of some recent writers to extenuate the intolerance of the Puritans in Massachusetts Mr. Eggleston has no sympathy.

"I have disregarded," he says, "that convention which makes it obligatory for a writer of American history to explain that intolerance in the first settlers was not just like other intolerance, and that their cruelty and injustice were justifiable under the circumstances. This walking backward to throw a mantle over the nakedness of ancestors may be admirable as an example of diluvian piety, but it is none the less reprehensible in the writing of history."

Mr. Eggleston has certainly not allowed many instances of ancestral nakedness to escape him; on the other hand, his treatment of Roger Williams leaves a general impression of favorable bias.

Mr. Eggleston has the gift of style. Crisp, clear, forcible, epigrammatic, abounding in happy characterizations and skilfully turned phrases, it attains at times, as in the general estimate of the character of Roger Williams, to something very like brilliancy. Few works on the period which it covers can compare with this in point of mere literary attractiveness, and we fancy that many to whom its scholarly value will not appeal will read the volume with interest and delight. We must not fail to commend the serviceable index, prepared, apparently, by Mr. Charles A. Nelson.

The Natives of Sarawak and British North Borneo. By Henry Ling Roth. 2 vols. London: Truslove & Comba. 1896. L. 8vo.

In this work an excellent service has been done for the student of primitive native life. It is a collection in a compact form, and so arranged and indexed as to be almost as easy of reference as an encyclopædia, of the accounts given by travellers, officials, and missionaries of the habits, modes of life, religious beliefs, history, etc., of the ten or more distinct tribes inhabiting British Borneo. A considerable part is derived from the manuscript notes of the late Hugh Brooke Low, the results mainly of his own observations during eighteen years' service under the Sarawak Government. To these Mr. Ling Roth has added such information as Mr. Low had overlooked or has been available since his death in 1887. In every case the words of the authors cited are given, with a reference to the work, report, or periodical from which they have been taken. A great profusion of illustrations of the people, their habitations, dress, ornaments, weapons, household utensils, etc., add very much to the value and interest of the compilation. It contains also a considerable amount of the history of the different tribes, together with translations of religious hymns, love songs, and legends which have been handed down orally from generation to generation.

Though the work is intended principally for the anthropologist, yet it is full of interest for the general reader. This is especially the case in the chapters on marriage, head-hunting, and religious and legendary beliefs. The accounts of the apparently ineradicable passion for heads, to which a friend will be sacrificed if a foe cannot be found, and the manner in which they are cherished, are almost incredible. And yet these same head-hunting Dyaks have religious hymns which Mr. Lang says, in his characteristic preface, "appear very beautiful to me." They inculcate a high morality, also, as is shown by the precepts: "Corrupt speech do not utter," "Do not be envious of one another," "All alike be clean of heart." Among the legends is a curious one of the deluge in which "all mankind perished, except one woman who fled to a very high mountain. There she found a dog lying at the foot of a jungle creeper, and, feeling the root of the creeper to be warm, she thought, Perhaps fire may be got out of it; so she took two pieces of its wood and rubbed them together and obtained fire; and thus arose the fire-drill, and the first production of fire after the great flood." This woman and the fire-drill gave birth to a child, who, with the aid of certain beasts, birds, and fishes, learned from the Wind Spirit what it was necessary to do in order that the world should "go on as before." Some of the legends show true humor, and are very similar to those told by the West Coast African and the Southern negro. The place of Brer Rabbit, however, is taken by Plandok, the dwarf-deer, a foot high only, who, by his superior cunning, outwits the other animals, including Bruang the bear and a giant man. The appendix contains some extensive vocabularies of the different languages and dialects spoken, and ethnographical notes taken from a Dutch writer. There is, finally, a map of the island showing the habitat of the tribes of British Borneo, and an excellent subject-index and bibliography.

Old Houses of the Antient Town of Norwich, 1660-1800. With maps, illustrations, portraits, and genealogies. By Mary E. Perkins. New London, Conn.: The Author, 148 Pequot Avenue.

All who have ever visited Norwich need not be told by us that it is one of the most attractive and picturesque places in this country. Prior to its first settlement by the whites (1660) the region of which the present city is the centre was the favorite place of residence and resort of some of the most powerful and numerous tribes of the aborigines of Connecticut. Of course, its present name was taken from "the fine old city" of Norwich, England; but one may regret that the old Indian name of "Mohegan," as it was called by the General Court of Connecticut at the time the latter granted to certain residents of Saybrook permission to remove and settle there, was not retained.

The present work, which may be called an illuminated domestic history, brings vividly before us, in a sort of house-to-house census, the state of society and the figures of many individuals in the period covered. Miss Perkins's painstaking citations from documents, and especially from private correspondence, and numerous and singularly attractive pictorial illustrations (exceeding 130 in number), convey a pretty clear view of the mode of life in a New England town before the rush and noise of the present century commenced.

Of course, nearly all those who lived in Norwich between 1660 and 1800 have passed away; but their descendants who still reside at their paternal home, and the host who have migrated to other parts of the country, can hardly fail to welcome this record of their ancestors, which includes not only many distinguished and well known personages, but many others, who, though less conspicuous in public, are not less interesting, especially to their posterity. Miss Perkins has endeavored to present the subjects of her narrative as they were in real life, without obliterating or concealing their quaintness under the folds of modern drapery. Their orthography was not quite that which prevails to-day, but it was much more correct than that of Major-General Israel Putnam, or even that of Queen Mary, the wife of William III.

Such a veracious contribution to the real history of the beautiful region to which it relates ought not to go unnoticed or unrewarded. The book is well printed, on good paper and with large and handsome type. A better or more tasteful series of process plates than those of the houses embodied in the text we have seldom seen, but there are also numerous precious portraits in photogravure. The genealogies fill a large space, and are not the least meritorious portion of this laborious work.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian of the City of New York, 1816 to 1860. By Charles H. Haswell. Harper & Bros. 1896.

Mr. Haswell tells us in his preface, and again in his first chapter, that he compiled these reminiscences some twelve years ago, partly from his personal recollections and partly from a perusal of contemporary records. Unfortunately, the text nowhere indicates where recollection ends and gossip or the newspaper takes up the tale. This uncertainty compels the serious reader to so much research for corroboration or disproof that it leaves the book with but little real historical value. One can follow Mr. Haswell about the city in his hunting trips from Fourteenth Street to the Jumel estate on Washington Heights, with a sense of the miracles that a few years have wrought among those quiet wooded places; but his copious narration of incidents he could not possibly have seen, and that have no part whatever in a volume of "reminiscences," together with his disorderly mingling of mobs, the theatre, society, and

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street openings, makes his bulky volume merely an historical curiosity shop.

Where Mr. Haswell sticks to his personal recollections he has many lively and amusing things to tell—for instance, of the cry of "Trollope, Trollope!" which, during the thirties, was visited on offenders against decency in theatres and other public places by those whom Mrs. Trollope's "malicious," "but essentially true," strictures on American manners had stung to a mortifying realization of them. His sketches of the country simplicity of social life in New York at that period bring with them a sense of loss that our more splendid but less sincere society does not altogether compensate for; nor does the "tough" of to-day, our "Chimmie Fadden," fill the place of the lost "Moze," the famous "Bowery Boy," with his quaint costume of beaver hat, soaped locks, gaudy necktie, frock coat, and full pantaloons turned up over firemen's boots; his Homeric gallantry and brawling patriotism. On the other hand, Mr. Haswell's endeavor to make a sort of history of the city from all sorts of contemporary sources breaks down badly. His book not only lacks selection and arrangement, but is full of statements based on mere hearsay which might easily become mischievous if accepted by a careless or ill-informed reader. Take, for instance, his attributing to Arthur Tappan a preposterous code of rules for his clerks, which purports to be a literal copy, but betrays itself as being second-hand misrepresentation (p. 189).

The illustrations of the book are numerous, interesting, and well selected. The break in our civic continuity as manifested in our architecture is perhaps their most striking lesson for this period of swift transition.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annesley, Charles. The Standard Operaglass. Eleventh, revised edition. Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50.
Ashton, John. The Devil in Britain and America. London: Ward & Downey; New York: Scribners. $6.
Balzac, H. de. The Deputy of Arcis. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Barnes, James. A Princetonian: A Story of Undergraduate Life. Putnams. $1.25.
Bétis, Victor, and Swan, Howard. Class-Room Conversations in French. Scribners. 80c.
Bibliographica. Part XI. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Scribners.
Block, Henri. Property of Don Gilbar. New York: Authors' Publishing Association. 50c.
Brooks, Rev. Phillips. New Starts in Life, and Other Sermons. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.
Cairns, W. B. The Forms of Discourse. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.
Carlyle's Essay on Burns. [Students' Series.] Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 35c.
Carlyle, Thomas. Sartor Resartus. [Centenary Edition.] Scribners. $1.25.
Chambers, E. K. The Poems of Henry Vaughan, Silurist. [The Muses Library.] 2 vols. London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Scribners. $3.50.
De Quincey's Revolt of the Tartars. [Students' Series]. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 35c.
Devlin, T. C. Municipal Reform in the United States. Putnams. $1.
Dodd, Anna B. On the Broads. Illustrated. Macmillan. $3.
Dreyfus, Irma. Lectures on French Literature. Delivered in Melbourne. Longmans, Green & Co.
Dryden's Palamon and Arcite. [Students' Series.] Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 35c.
Dumas, A. Celebrated Crimes. 3 vols. Boston: Joseph Knight Co.
Eastlake, F. W., and Yoshi-Aki, Yamada. Heroic Japan. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.
Eddy, Rev. Richard. The Universalist Register for 1897. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. 15c.
English Essays. London: Blackie & Son; New York: Scribners. $1.50.
Farrar, Rev. F. W. The Three Homes. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Forbes, Archibald. The "Black Watch": The Record of an Historic Regiment. Scribners. $1.50.
Frye, P. H. The Substance of his House: Poems. Putnams. $1.
Goetz, P. B. Kallirrhoe: A Dramatic Poem. Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co. $1.25.

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